

F.D.C.

No. 4

COMICS

10c

U.S. & CANADA

Bobbie and Sox!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

It's EASY to be a SUCCESS!

Learn quickly and easily, at home, how to do the wonderful things you've always wanted to do. These outstanding private courses would cost you many times as much if studied under a private instructor. They're so simple and clear that no one can fail to benefit in amazingly short time!



**Learn to Play
PIANO
IN ONE WEEK!**

**Or Your Money Back!
Play from Actual
Sheet Music**

**BOOGIE-
WOOGIE
IS EASY!**

**If You Can Play Piano
At All, You Can Play
Boogie-Woogie!**

Simplest Home Piano Course Ever Offered! You don't need to know a single note of music. In one week you will play favorite melodies — **WITH BOTH HANDS!** Thousands of professional pianists have been trained this amazingly quick, simple way. Clear, exact illustrations and explanations. Read notes as musicians do. Surprise and delight your friends!.....Only \$1.00

It's easy to learn how to beat out the hottest music your friends ever heard, in authentic Boogie-Woogie style. The "crawl," the "walking bass," the "chord bounce"—all the wonderful tricks and rhythms of real Boogie-Woogie are made so delightfully simple that anyone can play them. Get your copy at once!.....Only \$1.00

FREE GIFT!

If you order either of these thrilling courses NOW, you will receive, Absolutely Free, the great new song, "Love Never Says Goodbye" (complete sheet music!).

HYPNOTISM! VENTRILOQUISM!

Hypnotism is not some natural power that is born in you, as old-fashioned folks used to believe. Learn how to focus and desden your subject's mind, so that he must obey your every command! Know how to control others scientifically!

Ventriloquism can make you the life of every party. It may even lead to fame and fortune in the entertainment world! You can seem to throw your voice anywhere you wish. A very little patient practice will make you a skilled ventriloquist!

HYPNOTISM AND VENTRILOQUISM.....\$1.00

KNOW HOW TO FIGHT!

Four Great Books Teach All You Need To Know!
AMERICAN JUDO: A complete manual of the most deadly fighting technique known to modern man!.....\$1.00

3 Books for Only \$1.00

POLICE JIU JITSU As taught to the armed forces. Tricks of leverage. Paralyzing nerve centers. Conquer bullies!.....50c	SCIENTIFIC BOXING Diet. Fight training. K.O. punching. Footwork. Ring rules. Illustrative diagrams. 50c
POLICE WRESTLING: Little-known holds and grips. Skill vs. Brawn. Fear no one!.....50c	

BECOME A CARTOONIST!

Real fame and success await promising cartoonists and comic artists. Comic strips earn big money! Develop your talent; insure your future! Simple basic shapes, easily drawn by anyone, can be built up and combined to form every type of figure and scene. Delight the gang with your clever drawings!

\$1.00

LEARN TO DANCE!

An expert dancer, skilled at all the latest steps, is welcome at any gathering. And, if you have real ability, theatrical fame may even be waiting for you! You can become expert at every popular step from waltz to swing. Simple diagrams and illustrations make each step a delight to learn! Each book only 50c.

HOW TO DANCE

SWING STEPS TAP DANCING

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

NEW YORK PUBLISHING CO., Dept. LU-1
600 Lincoln Road, Building
Miami Beach 39, Fla.

Gentlemen: Please rush me the books checked below. I will pay the postman for them on delivery, plus postal charges.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> If you wish to save postage, enclose payment for the books ordered, in cash or money order. They will then be sent to you with all charges paid. | <input type="checkbox"/> How to Dance.....50c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Simplex Piano Course.....\$1.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> Swing Steps.....50c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Hypnotism & Ventriloquism.....\$1.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> Tap Dancing.....50c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Become a Cartoonist.....\$1.00 | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> American Judo.....\$1.00 | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Boogie-Woogie Is Easy.....\$1.00 | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Russian \$1.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> Chinese \$1.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Japanese \$2.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> Portuguese \$1.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish .80c | <input type="checkbox"/> German .80c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> French .50c | <input type="checkbox"/> Italian .50c |

FREE with Piano or Boogie-Woogie course: "Love Never Says Goodbye."

Name.....
Address.....
City..... Zone..... State.....

FOREIGN LANGUAGES!

The war is over! Foreign language experts are increasingly in demand for international commercial and political activities. Wonderful money-making opportunities await those who know the key languages. Get in on the ground floor! Learn at home, through our special simplified home study courses.

RUSSIAN\$1.00	CHINESE\$1.00
JAPANESE\$2.00	PORTUGUESE\$1.00
SPANISH50c	GERMAN50c
FRENCH50c	ITALIAN50c

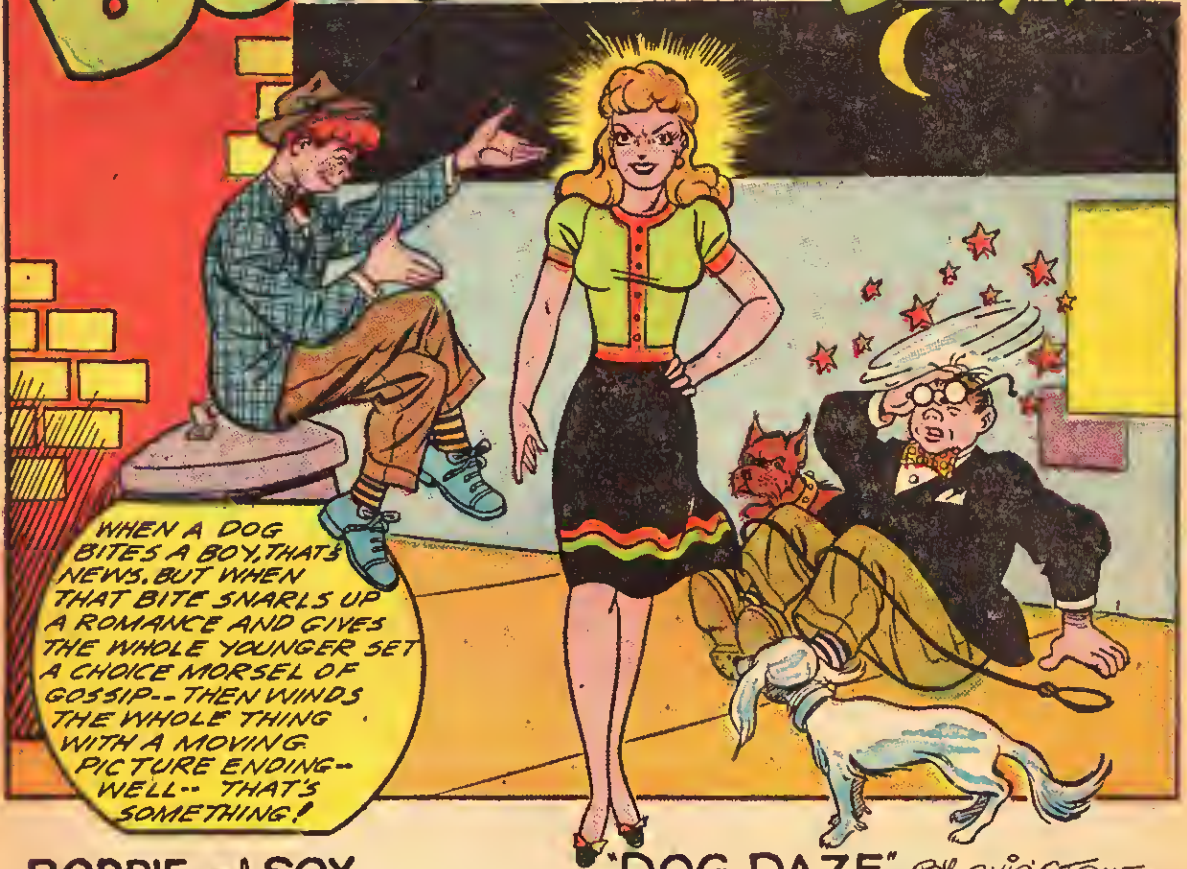
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If not satisfied after 5 days' trial, return books and your money will be promptly refunded!

LUCKY COMICS is published monthly at Holyoke, Mass., by CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES, INC., J. A. RUBY, Publisher, at 1 Appleton Street, Holyoke, Mass. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Holyoke, Mass., under the act of March 3, 1879. Editorial and Executive Offices at 84 William Street, New York 7, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter December 27th, 1943, at the post office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Re-entry at the post office at Meriden, Conn. Re-entry at the post office at Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Re-entry at the post office at Holyoke, Mass. Single copy 10c in the U. S. and Canada; yearly subscription in the U. S. A., \$1.20. No actual person is named or delineated in this magazine except historical personages. Entire contents by Lloyd Jacquet Studios, and copyrighted, and reproduction prohibited without consent of publisher. Copyright 1946, by CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES, INC. Application for title pending at U. S. Pat. Off. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. 2, No. 4, May 1946.

Bobbie and Sox

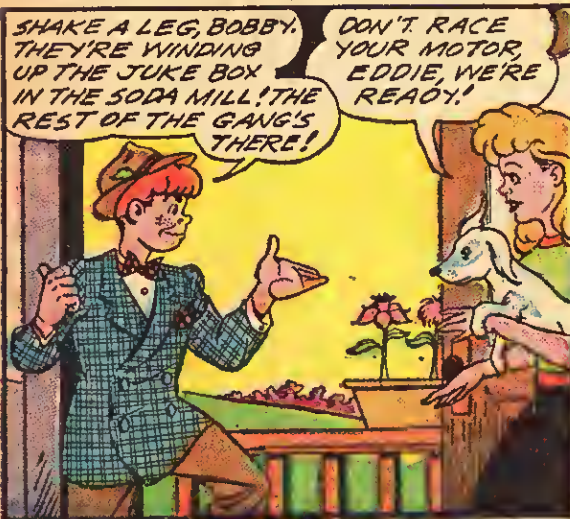
COPYRIGHT, 1946, BY CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES, INC.



WHEN A DOG BITES A BOY, THAT'S NEWS. BUT WHEN THAT BITE SNARLS UP A ROMANCE AND GIVES THE WHOLE YOUNGER SET A CHOICE MORSEL OF GOSSIP-- THEN WINDS THE WHOLE THING WITH A MOVING PICTURE ENDING-- WELL-- THAT'S SOMETHING!

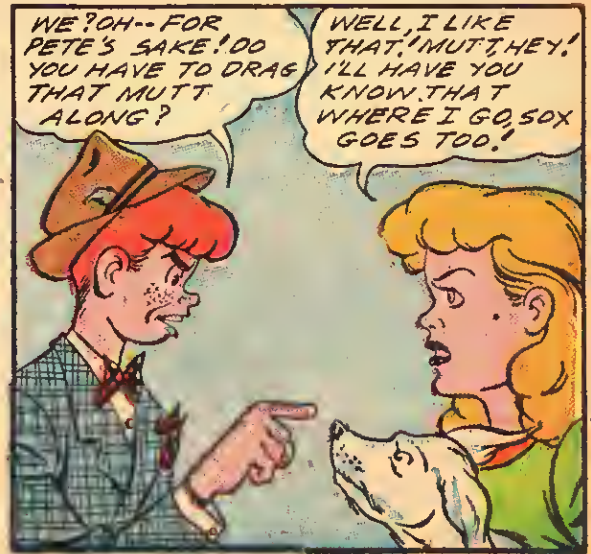
BOBBIE and SOX FEATURED IN --- "DOG DAZE" BY CHIC STONE.

ONE LAZY SATURDAY AFTERNOON-----



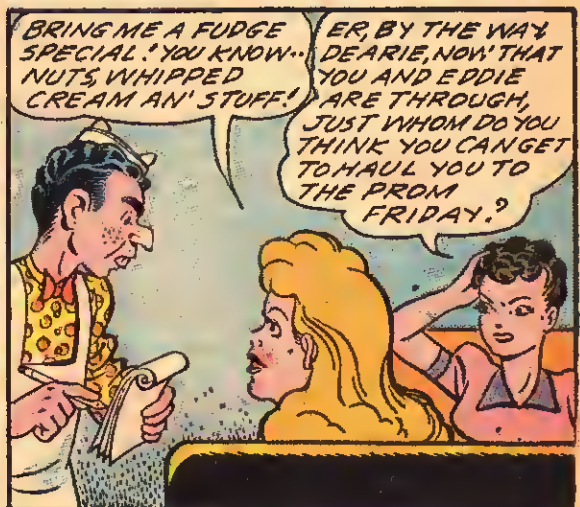
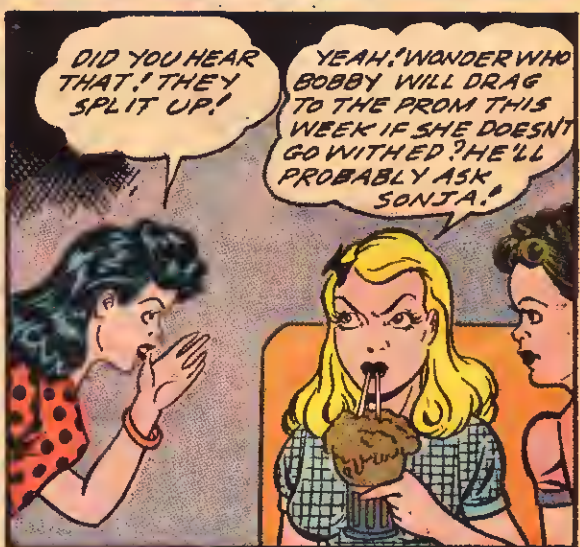
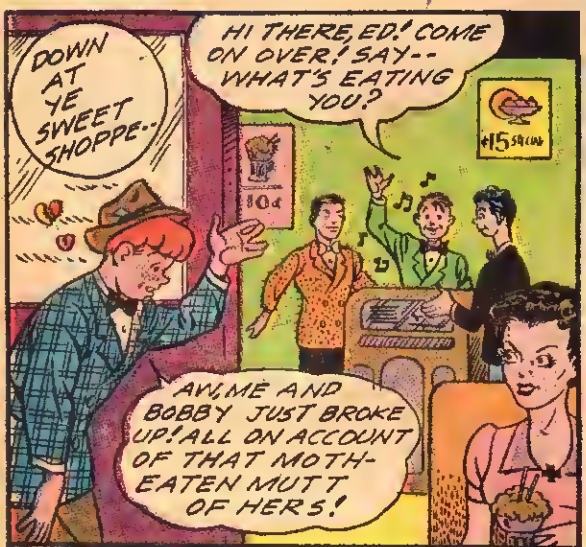
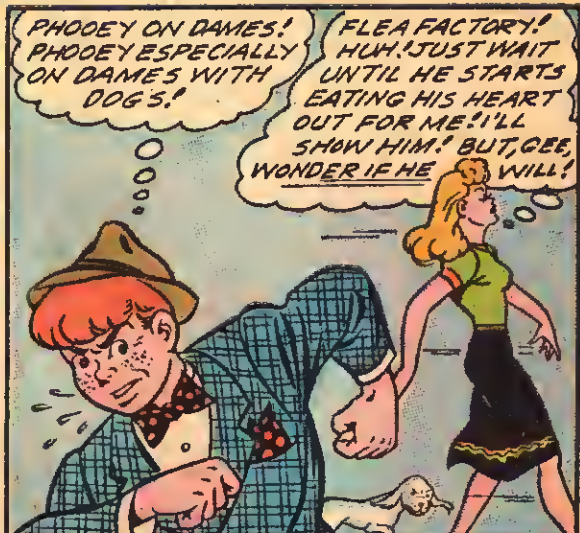
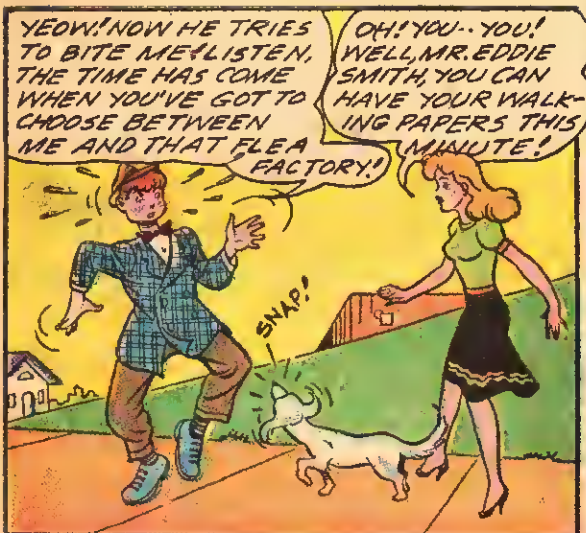
SHAKE A LEG, BOBBY. THEY'RE WINDING UP THE JUKE BOX IN THE SODA MILL! THE REST OF THE GANG'S THERE!

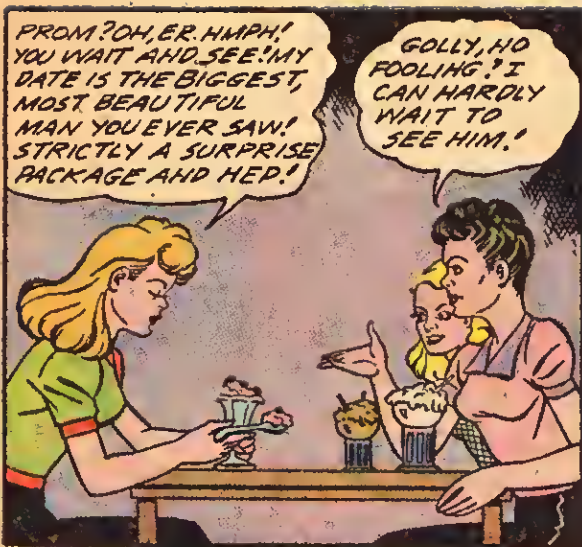
DON'T RACE YOUR MOTOR, EDDIE, WE'RE READY!



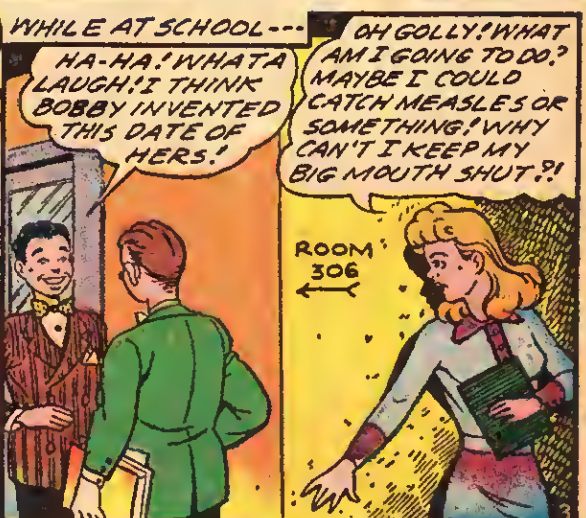
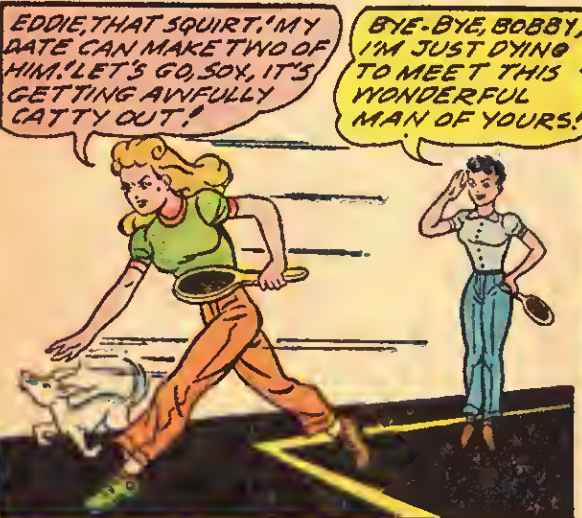
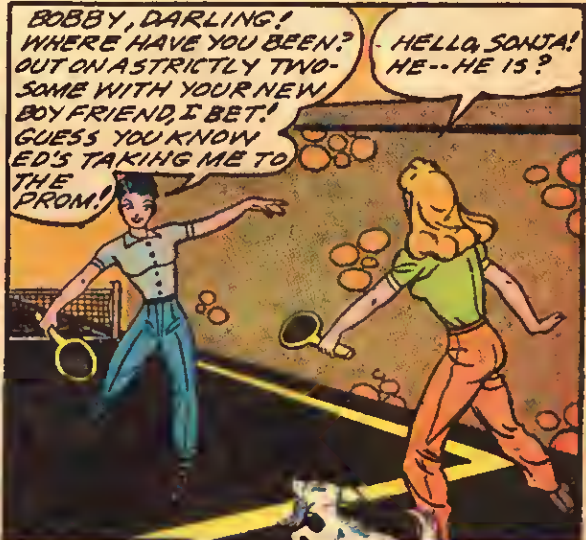
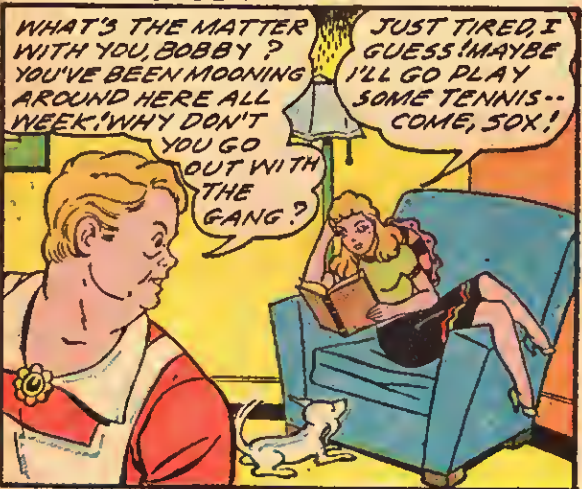
WE? OH-- FOR PETE'S SAKE! DO YOU HAVE TO DRAG THAT MUTT ALONG?

WELL, I LIKE THAT, MUTT HEY! I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW, THAT WHERE I GO, SOX GOES TOO!





SO PASS THE DAYS, ONE BY ONE, WHILE BOBBY -----



WHY, SHE'S A FAKE! THERE
HASN'T BEEN A NEW BOY
IN THIS TOWN FOR TWO
MONTHS! A BIG
BEAUTIFUL MAN, HUH!

UH-OH!
THE CATS!
I GOTTA
SCRAM--THAT
EMPTY CLASS-
ROOM---

ONLY ONE MORE PERIOD.
THANK GOODNESS. THOSE
CATS ARE TEARING ME
APART! BOBBY GIRL,
YOU ARE A DEAD OUK!
I'LL NEVER LIVE
THIS DOWN.

THAT EVENING, BOBBY TAKES TO THE
SIDE STREETS TO AVOID MEETING PEOPLE..

GEE WHIZ! NOT EVEN
SAFE IN A BACK ALLEY!
HERE COMES MORT-
IMER PULP THE
CLASSROOM BORE!

GOOD
EVENING,
MISS
BOBBY."

BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

HERE! GET THAT
UGLY BRUTE
AWAY FROM MY
CHAUCEY! GET
HIM AWAY!

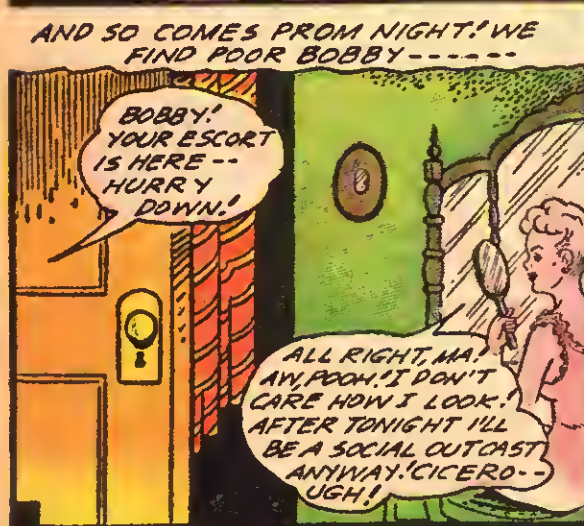
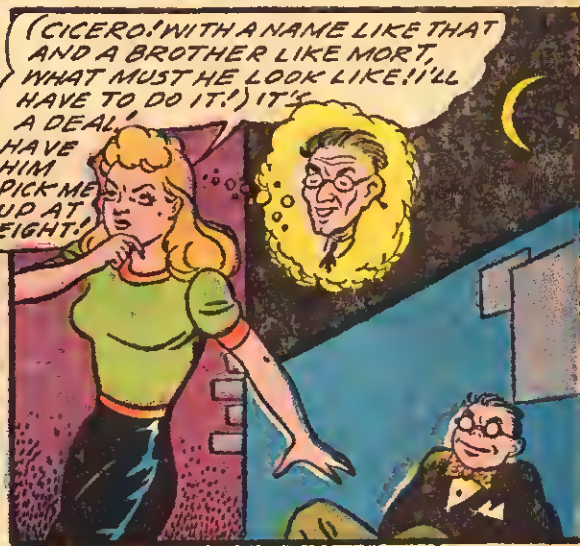
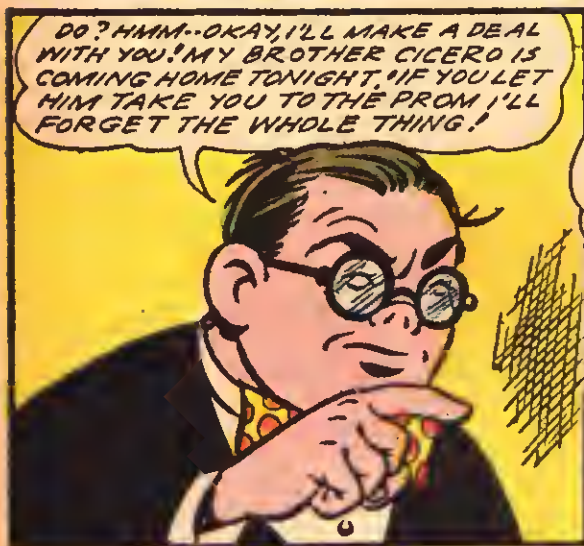
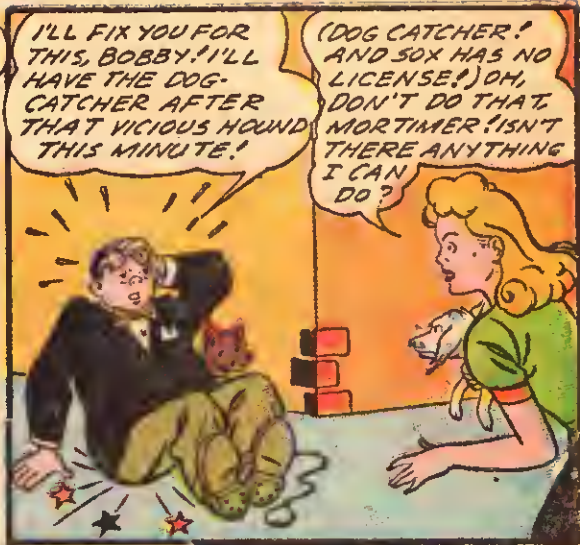
SOXIE! CUT IT
OUT! I'M IN
ENOUGH TROUBLE
ALL READY!

THEN--SOXIE'S LEASH SNAPS----

HE'S LOOSE!
DON'T STAND THERE--
DO SOMETHING!

SOXIE! STOP
IT, I SAY!

DON'T YOU
DARE TOUCH
MY CHAUCEY!
HE'LL KILL HIM!
GET HIM OFF!



THE PROM--ENTER BOBBY AND HER BIG BEAUTIFUL MAN!

HOLY SMOKE! HERE'S BOBBY, ED, AND LOOK WHAT'S WITH HER, A MARINE! BOY, SHE SURE WASN'T FOOLING!

HUH? WHY... WHAT... GRRR!

BOBBY, DARLING, YOU LOOK LOVELY-- SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE!

OH, AREN'T YOU GOING TO INTRODUCE US TO YOUR DATE?

VERY PLEASD!

GLADLY! CICERO, THESE ARE A FEW, ER-- CLASSMATES OF MINE!

SHALL WE DANCE, BOBBY? THE FLOOR NEEDS A REALLY PRETTY GIRL!

I'D LOVE IT! S'USE US, GALS!

WHAT A MAN!

WHAT AN EVENING! BOBBY AND CICERO GO OVER LIKE THE ATOMIC BOMB-- AND EDDIE IS GOING FRANTIC-- FINALLY---

SHE'S JUST TRYING TO MAKE ME JEALOUS! NOT ME, THOUGH! THAT LUG'LL BREAK HER HEART! HEY! I CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN! I'LL FORGIVE HER FOR THE OTHER DAY-- CUT!

OH, EDDIE!

ER, BOBBY, ABOUT THE OTHER DAY-- I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU SOMETIME AND EXPLAIN, ER---

WHY, EDDIE, THAT'S WONDERFUL! I FORGIVE YOU FOR EVERYTHING! CALL ME IN THE MORNING!

SO ALL IS WELL THAT ENDS WELL! MEANWHILE LET'S LOOK IN ON A COUPLE OF SILENT PARTNERS IN THIS ESCAPE--

OH QUIT THAT LICKING! IF I KNEW I'D GET STUCK WITH YOU I'D HAVE LEARNED TO DANCE!

HUH! HE DOESN'T TASTE TOO BAD AT THAT!

SEE BOBBIE & SOX IN NEXT 'LUCKY'!!

POT O' GOLD

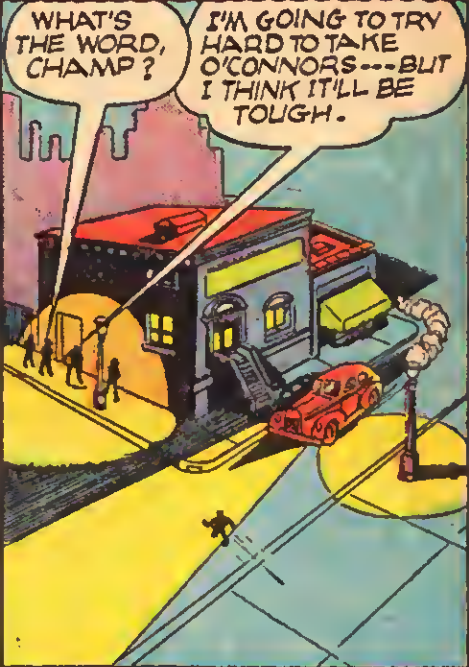
BILL HARRIS, WORLD'S LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION FIGHTS FOR A LIVING. HE USES HIS FISTS TO EARN HIS KEEP, BUT HIS HEART GUIDES HIM WHEN AN ORPHAN KID COMES INTO HIS LIFE----



WALTER JOHNSON

STORY BY IRV WERSTEIN

BILL HARRIS IS LEAVING THE GYM AFTER TRAINING FOR HIS BOUT WITH TIGER O'CONNORS----



WHAT'S THE WORD, CHAMP?

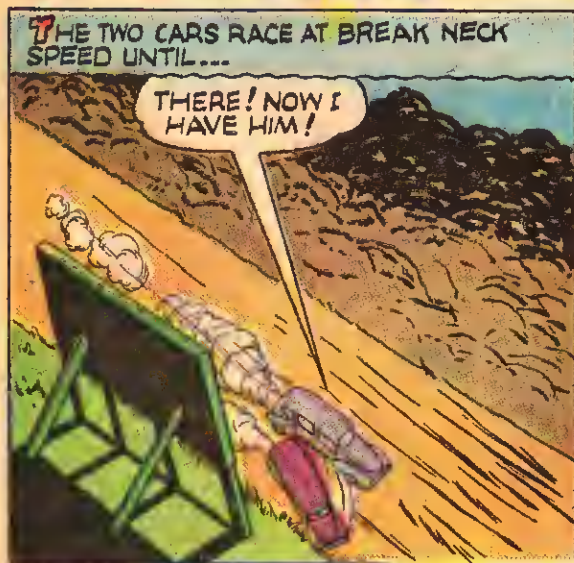
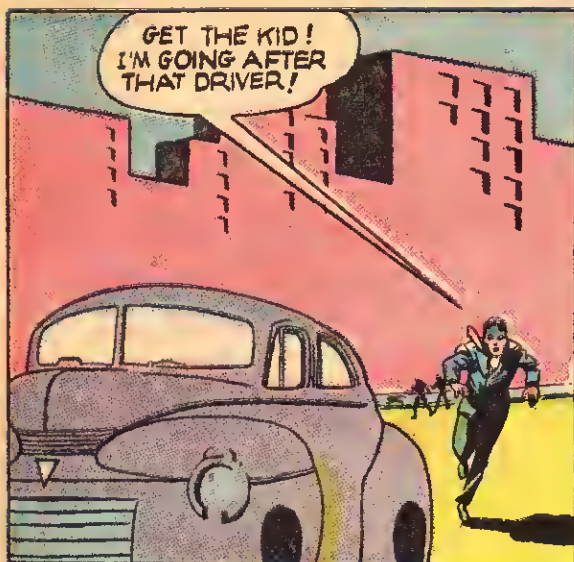
I'M GOING TO TRY HARD TO TAKE O'CONNORS--- BUT I THINK IT'LL BE TOUGH.



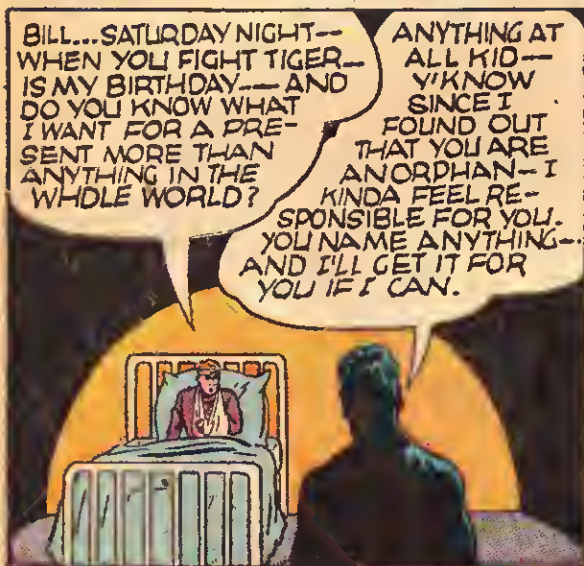
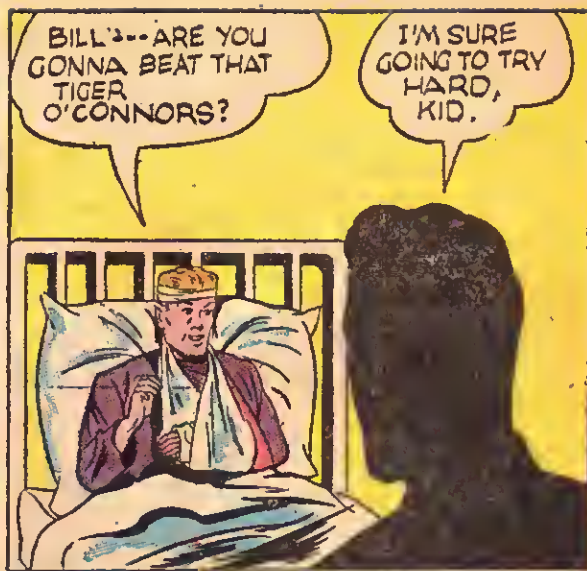
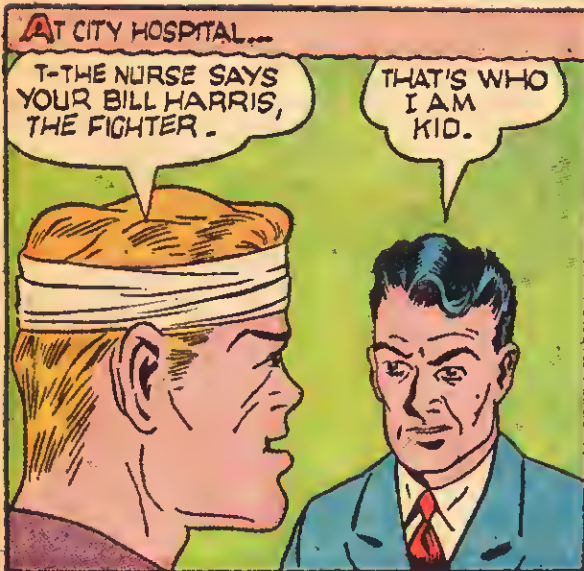
THAT CAR!

HE ISN'T STOPPING-- HE'S A HIT AND RUN DRIVER!

THUD!







AT THE BELL THE CHAMP TEARS INTO THE STARTLED CHALLENGER WITH BOTH FISTS.....



I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS! THE CHAMP IS A VERITABLE WILD MAN!! LEFTS AND RIGHTS ARE POURING INTO O'CONNORS! HE'S GOING DOWN...AND HE'S OUT!!!! THE WINNER AND STILL CHAMP-ION... BILL HARRIS!



AFTER THE FIGHT, IN THE CHAMP'S DRESSING ROOM.....

WHAT'S THE BIG HURRY, CHAMP?

I HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT DATE THAT I MUST KEEP.



AT THE HOSPITAL.....

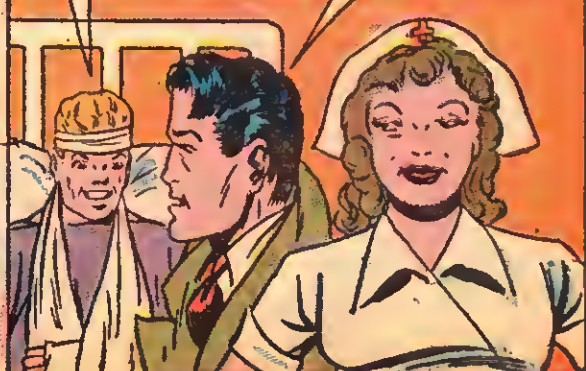
BILL! DID YOU... DID YOU WIN?

KID, I TOLD YOU I'D GIVE YOU WHATEVER YOU WANTED FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY.....

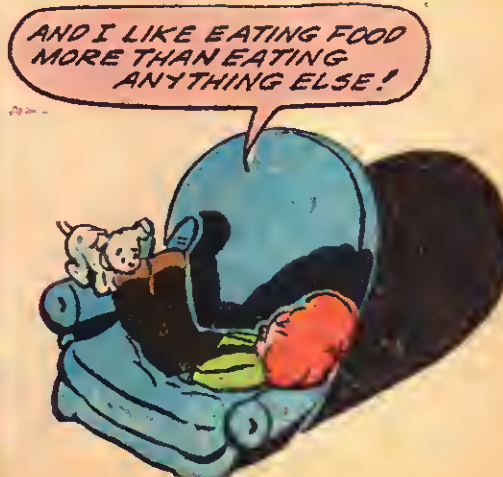
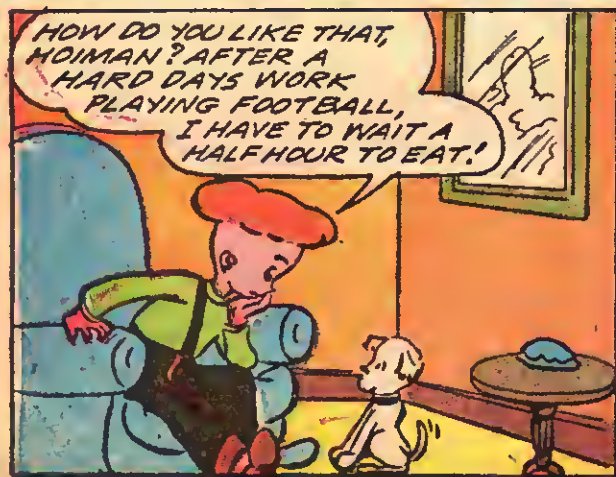
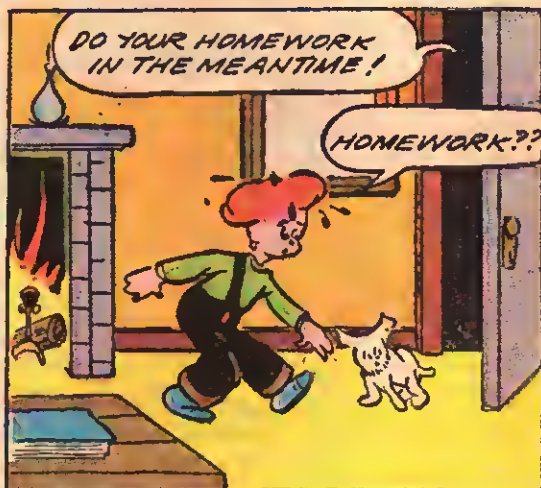
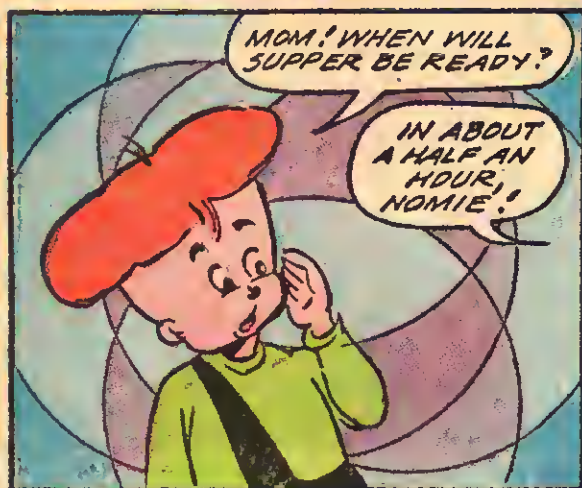
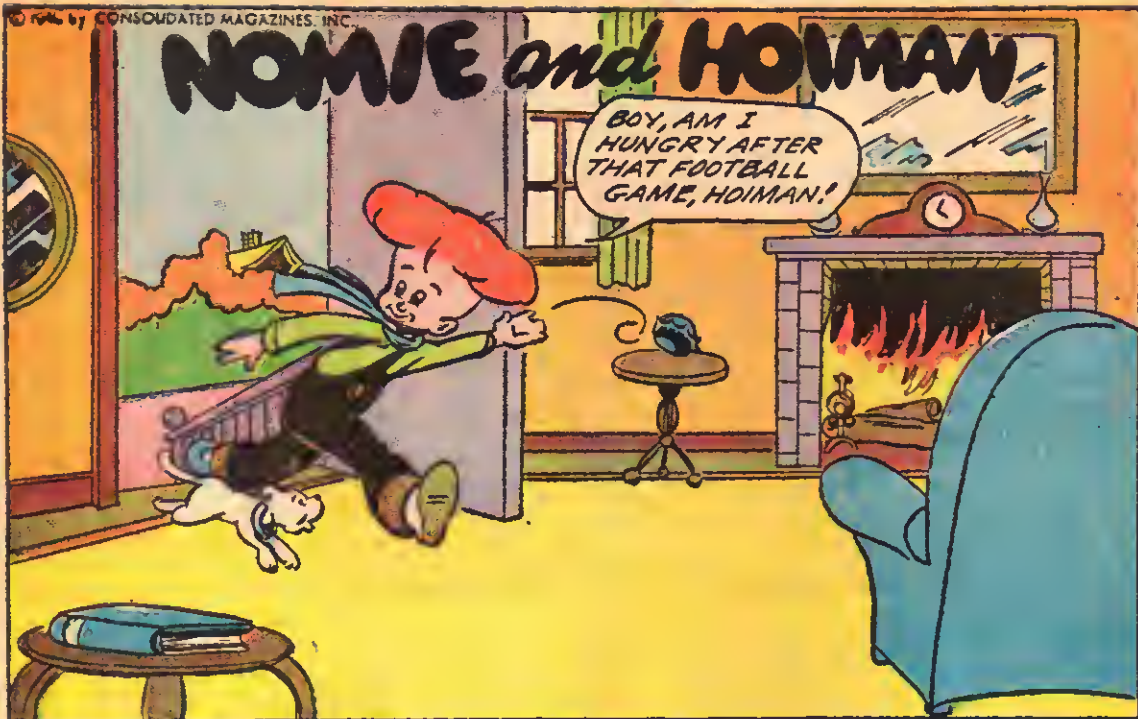


YOU WON! YOU WON!

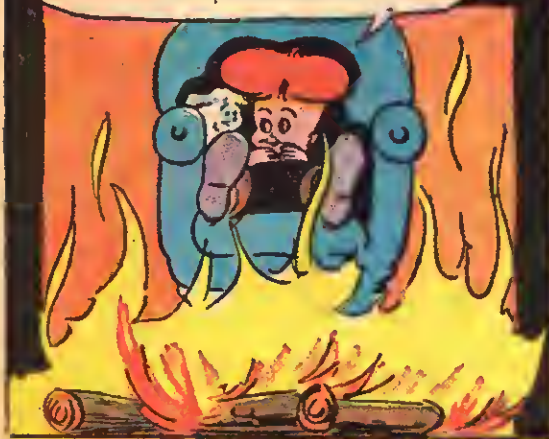
SURE--YOU DIDN'T THINK I'D FAIL YOU---- DID YOU KID? AND I'M GOING TO BE WATCHING OUT FOR YOU FOR A LONG, LONG TIME!



NOMIE and HOIMAN



WELL, IF WE'RE GONNA WAIT FOR AWHILE--I MIGHT AS WELL TAKE IT EASY--I'LL DO MY HOMEWORK LATER!



HMM--HERE IS THE BOOK ON RIP VAN WINKLE! IT'LL BE MORE FUN READING THIS THAN DOING ARITHMETIC, GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY!



LET'S SEE NOW--RIP VAN WINKLE WAS A LAZY MAN WHO LOAFED ALL DAY--HIS DOG WAS THE ONLY COMPANION HE HAD--- (YAWN)



--ONE DAY WHILE WALKING THROUGH THE WOODS--
ZZZZZ



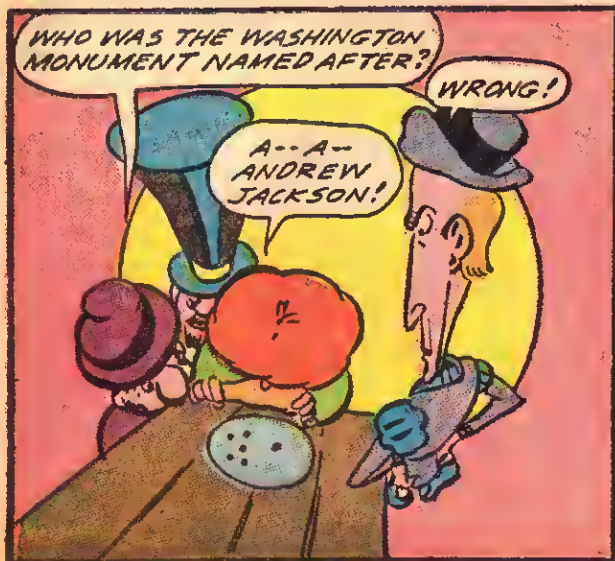
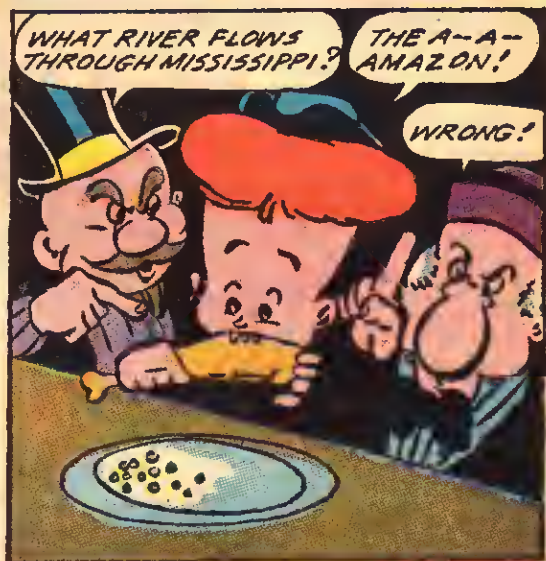
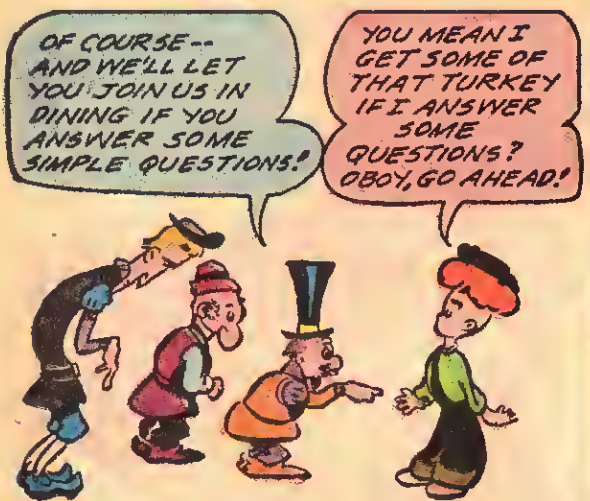
GEE--IT'S A GREAT DAY FOR HUNTING, HOIMAN--NO SCHOOL TO WASTE MY TIME WHEN LOAFING IS MORE FUN!

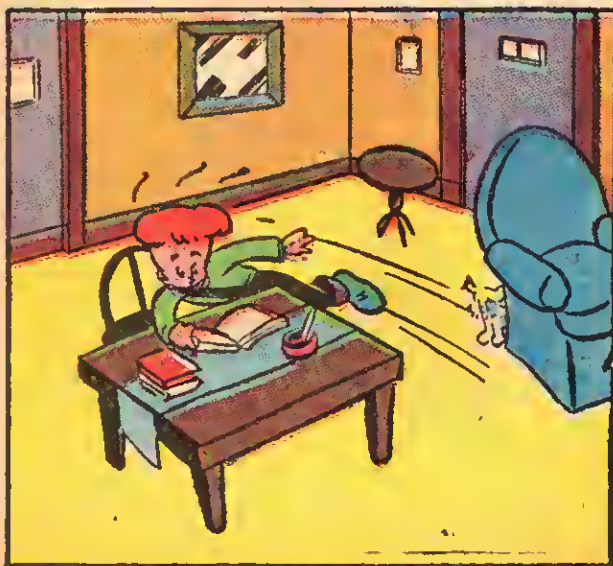
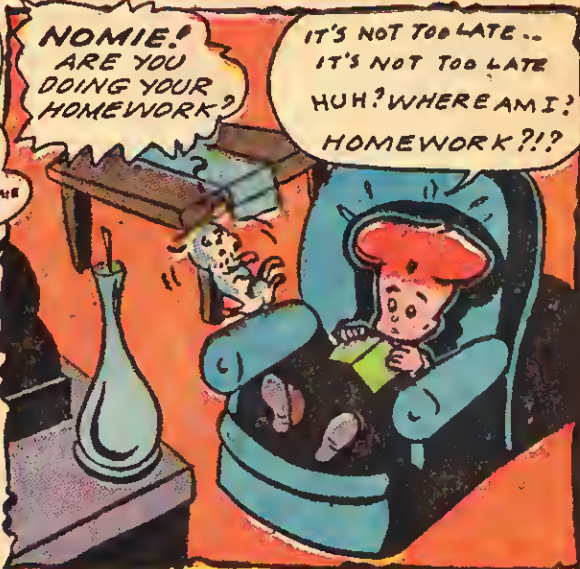
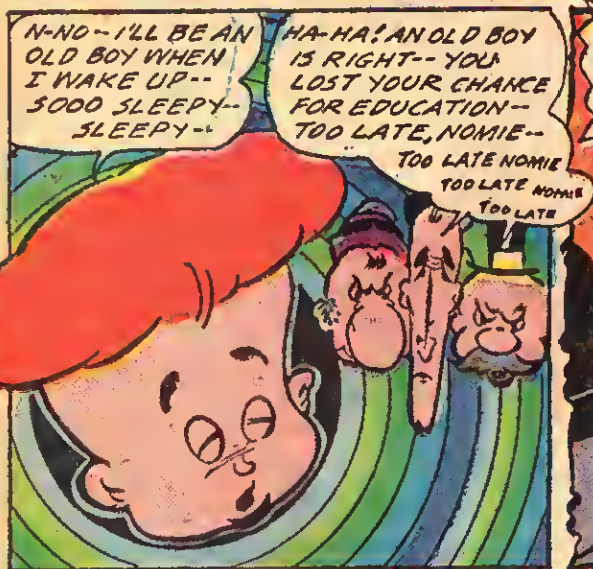


HALLOOOO
RIP VAN NOMIE!

HUH, WHAT'S THAT? WHO CALLS?

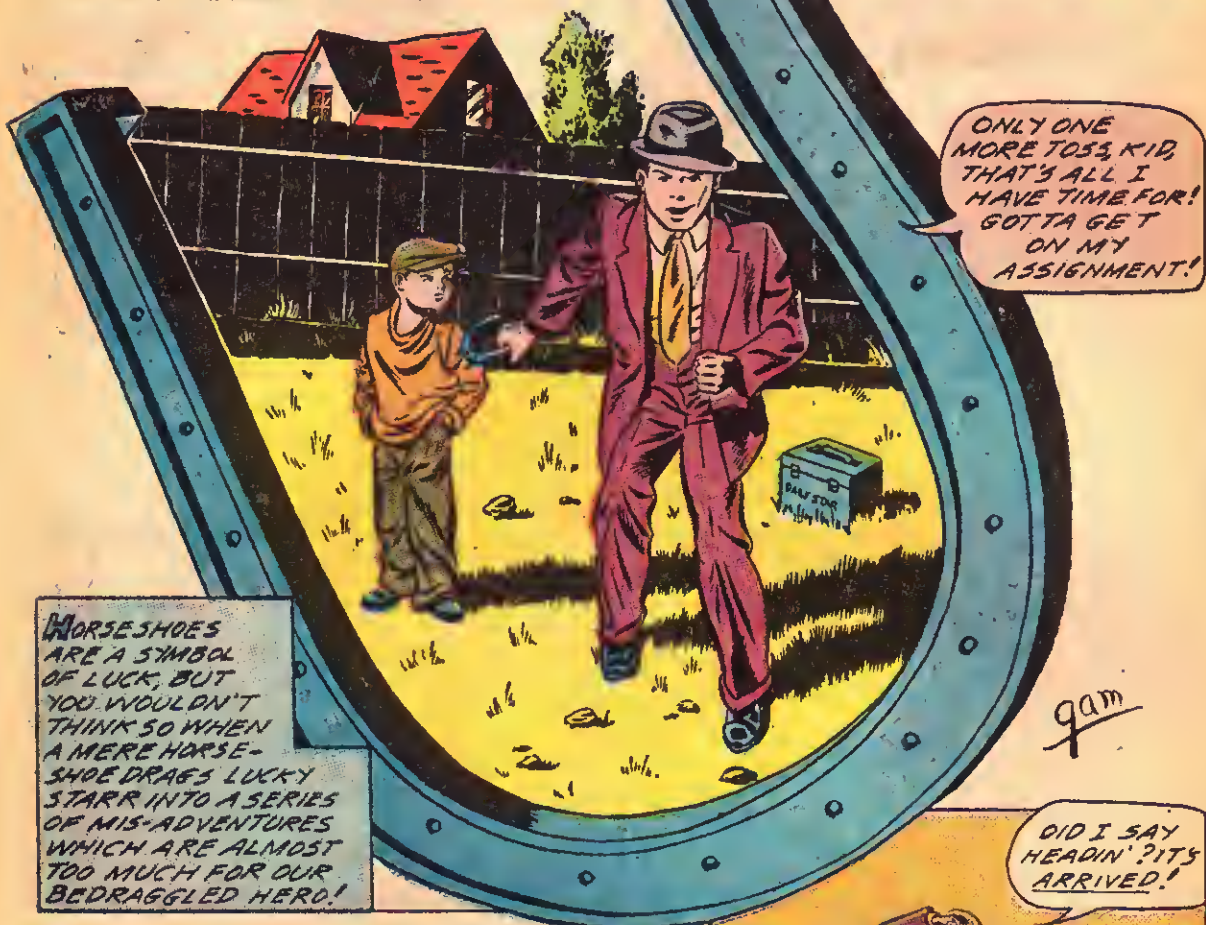






LUCKY STARR

COPYRIGHT, 1946 BY CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES, INC.



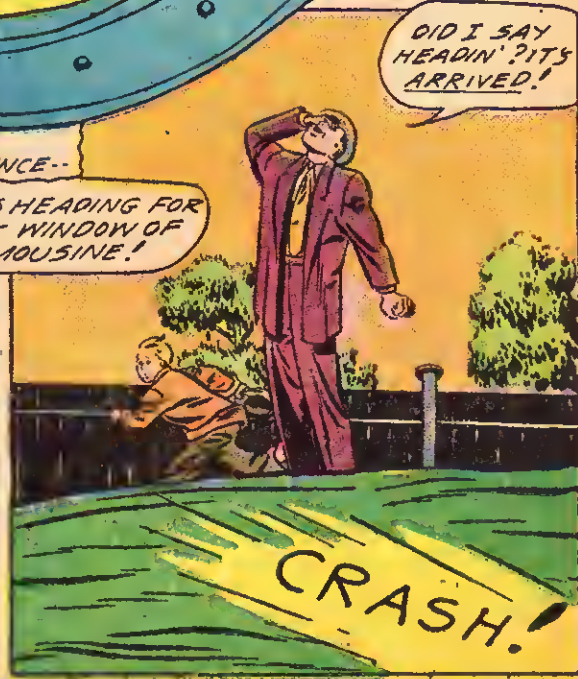
HORSESHOES ARE A SYMBOL OF LUCK, BUT YOU WOULDN'T THINK SO WHEN A MERE HORSE-SHOE DRAWS LUCKY STARR INTO A SERIES OF MIS-ADVENTURES WHICH ARE ALMOST TOO MUCH FOR OUR BEDRAGGLED HERO!

gam

LUCKY STARR IS DISPLAYING HIS ATHLETIC PROWESS BEFORE A VERY SKEPTICAL AUDIENCE--



ULP-- IT'S HEADING FOR THE BACK WINDOW OF THAT LIMOUSINE!



I DECLEAH, 'VEDDY VEDDY
VULGAH--BREAKING QUAH
WINDOW WITH A HORSE-
SHOE!

BEASTLEH--
HOW
BEASTLEH!



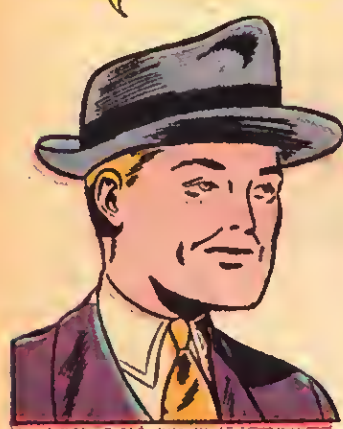
UH--GENTLE-
MEN--I'M--UH-
TERRIBLY
SORRY!

MY
WORD--

IT'S HIS GRACE
THE DUKE!

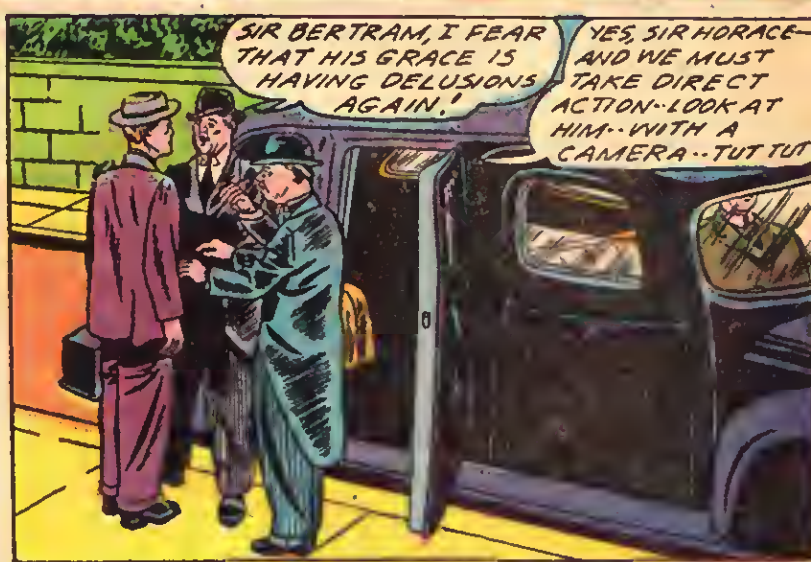


YOU GENTLEMEN ARE
MAKING A MISTAKE--
I'M LUCKY STARR--
OF THE COURIER!



SIR BERTRAM, I FEAR
THAT HIS GRACE IS
HAVING DELUSIONS
AGAIN!

YES, SIR HORACE--
AND WE MUST
TAKE DIRECT
ACTION--LOOK AT
HIM--WITH A
CAMERA--TUT TUT



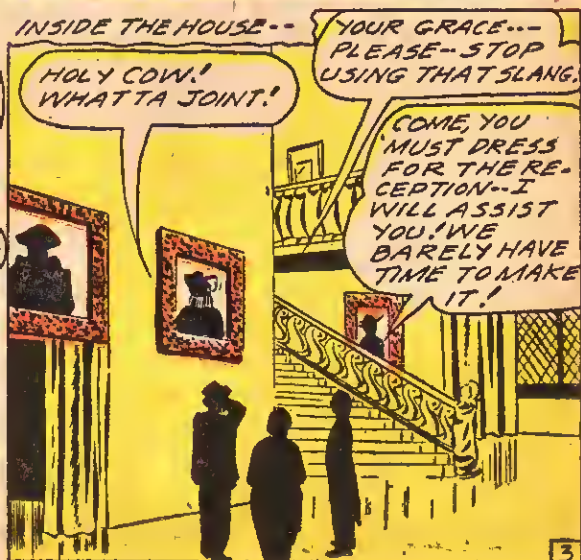
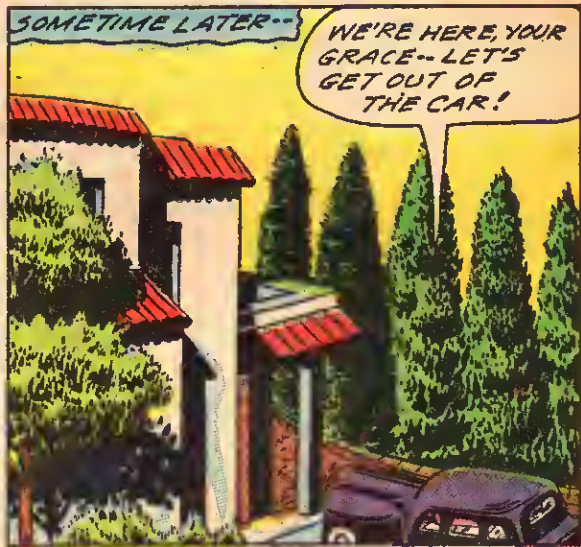
HEY! WHAT'S
THIS?

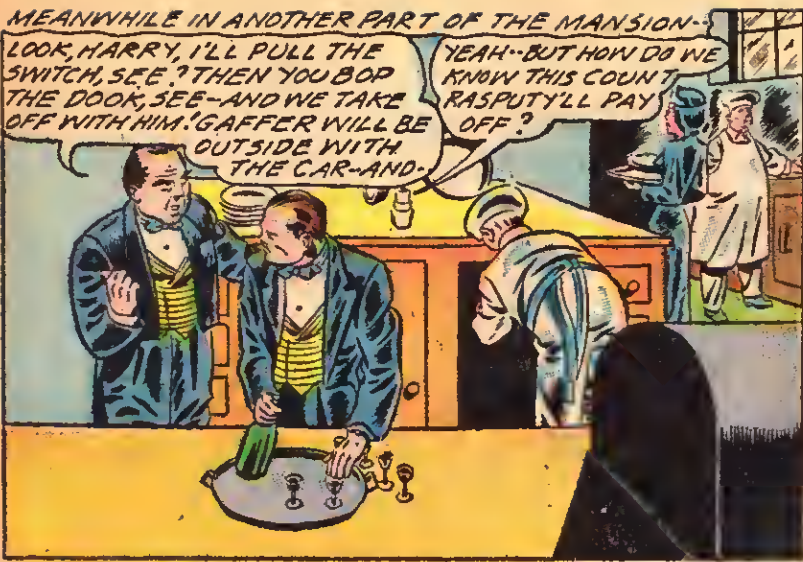
COME YOUR GRACE!
COME QUIETLY!

HEY! MY
CAMERA!

TUT-TUT--YOUR GRACE--WE'LL
GET YOU ANOTHER--IN FACT
WE'LL GET YOU TWO OTHERS
TO PLAY WITH--BUT PLEASE
COME QUIETLY--YOU KNOW
THAT YOUR RECEPTION IS
BEING HELD TONIGHT!







MEANWHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE MANSION--

LOOK, HARRY, I'LL PULL THE SWITCH, SEE? THEN YOU BOP THE DOOR, SEE--AND WE TAKE OFF WITH HIM. GAFFER WILL BE OUTSIDE WITH THE CAR--AND--

YEAH--BUT HOW DO WE KNOW THIS COUNT RASPUTY'LL PAY OFF?

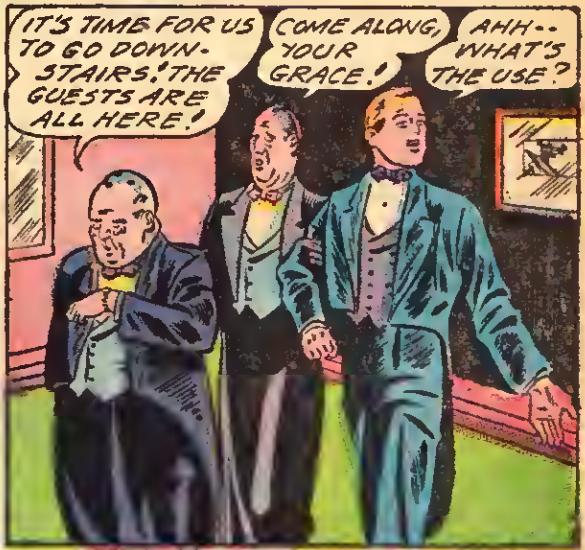
DON'T WORRY! GAFFER ATTENDED TO DAT, ALREADY--HE GOT A BIG DEPOSIT!



MEANWHILE LUCKY IS GETTING ALL TOSSED OUT---

BUT I TELL YOU THAT YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE! I'M NOT THE DUKE OF FROPPINGTHWAITE--I'M JUST A NEWS PHOTOG--OR I WAS-- BY THIS TIME I'M FIRED!

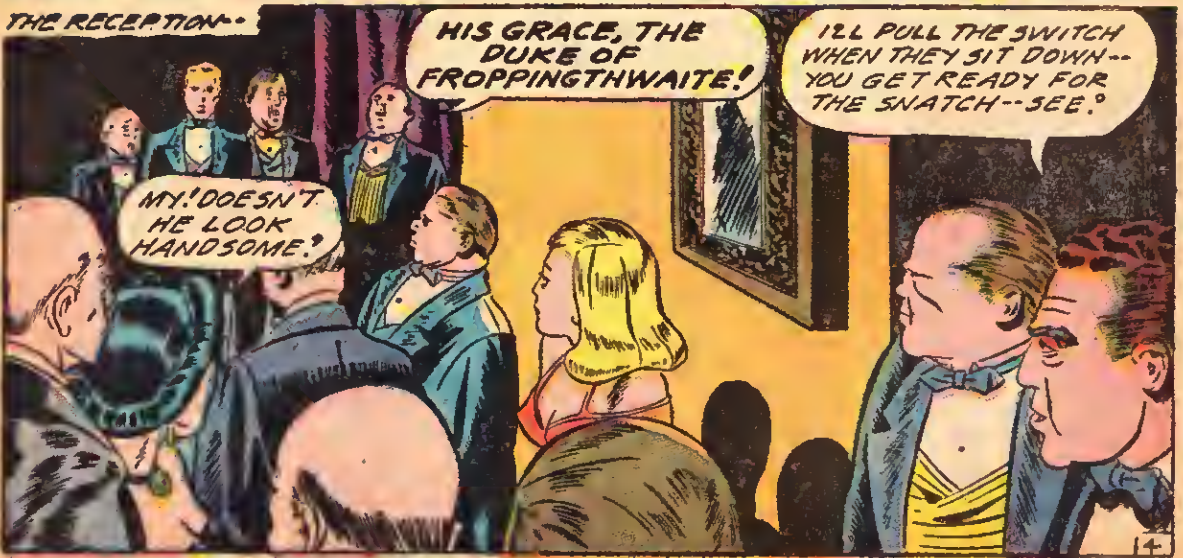
PLEASE, YOUR GRACE-- HOLD STILL!



IT'S TIME FOR US TO GO DOWN-- STAIRS! THE GUESTS ARE ALL HERE!

COME ALONG, YOUR GRACE!

AHH-- WHAT'S THE USE?

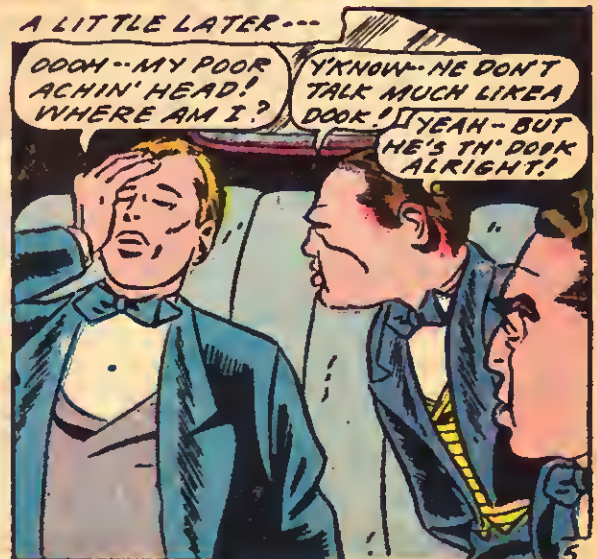
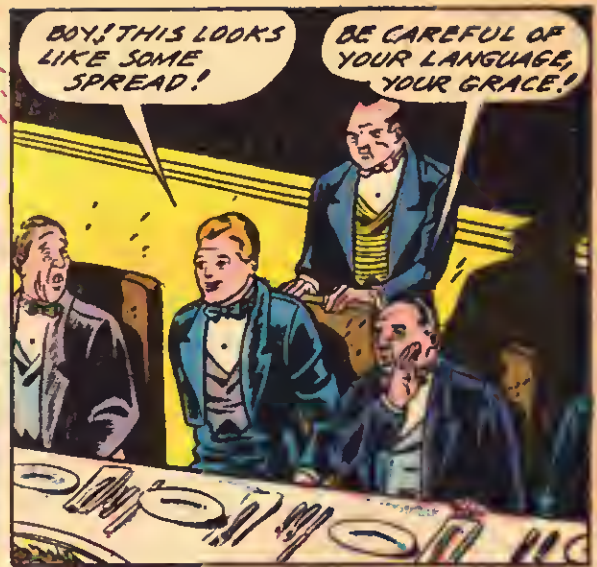
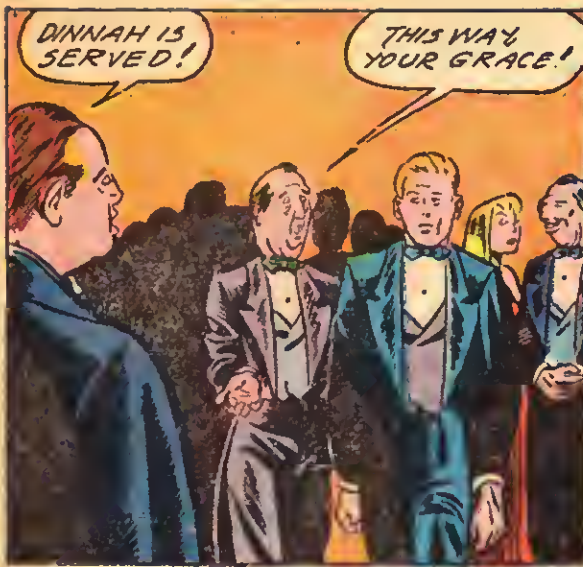


THE RECEPTION--

HIS GRACE, THE DUKE OF FROPPINGTHWAITE!

I'LL PULL THE SWITCH WHEN THEY SIT DOWN-- YOU GET READY FOR THE SNATCH--SEE?

MY! DOESN'T HE LOOK HANDSOME?



OKAY, DOOK!
MOVE OUT--

BUT I AIN'T. AM WHAT'S
THE USE? I'M NOT SURE
WHO OR WHAT I AM!



INSIDE THE HUT--

ZO ZIS IS ZE WON? I DON'T
THEENK ANYONE WEEEL PAY
10,000 DOLLARS RANSOM
FOR HEEM--NOT BY LOOKING
AT HEEM ANYWAY--YOU--
ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVE--ON
ZE RIGHT ARM! I WANT
TO BE SURE I GET ZE
CORRECT MAN!

MY RIGHT
SLEEVE?
GEEZ, THIS
IS A TOUGH
LOOKING
BIRD! HE
GIVES ME
THE CREEPS!



HE'S THE RIGHT
ONE, COUNT
RASPUTY, DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
THAT!

SILENCE, PEEG!
I WEEEL LOOK
FIRST!



FOOLS! THEES EES NOT
THE MAN! HE HAS NOT ZE
STRAINBERRY BIRTH MARK!
THROW HEEM OUT! I WEEEL
ATTEND TO YOU LATER! YOU
WERE TO MAKE SURE HE
BORE THE MARK OF THE
FROPPINGTHWAITES!

B. BUT
COUNT--
WE--
WE--



I WANT NO EXPLANATIONS--
THROW THEES MAN OUT!
I CANNOT BEAR TO
LOOK AT HIM! HE
DISGOSTS ME!



YEAH! WELL, YOU
AIN'T SO HOT
EITHER!

GRAB HIM, GAFFER!



AWRIGHT--
AWRIGHT-- I'M
GRABBIN' HIM,
AIN'T I?

OOE! FOR A GUY WHO STARTED OUT ON A ROUTINE ASSIGNMENT, I GET INTO THE DARDEST PLACES!



LATER--
GOSH IT'S WET!
WHAT'LL I TELL
THE BOSS TO--
MORROW?



THE NEXT DAY-- LUCKY DOESN'T
TELL THE BOSS A THING-- HE
GETS TOLD---

A FINE ALIBI-- MISTAKEN FOR A
DUKE AND KIDNAPPED! I'LL BET!
IT'S ALL OVER THE PAPERS NOW!
IF YOU PULL ANOTHER STUNT LIKE
THIS YOU'RE FIRED! THE PRICE
OF THAT CAMERA IS DEDUCTED
FROM YOUR PAY! NOW GET OUT
OF MY SIGHT!



BUT-- I--

AT THE PRESS ROOM--

HOW'D DO,
YOUR GRACE?

MAKE WAY FOR
FROPPINGTHWAITE,
THE DUKE!



PLEASE, I'VE HAD
ENOUGH! HOW DID
YOU GUYS FIND
OUT?

HOW DID WE FIND
OUT, HE ASKS? IT'S
PLASTERED ALL
OVER THE FRONT
PAGE!

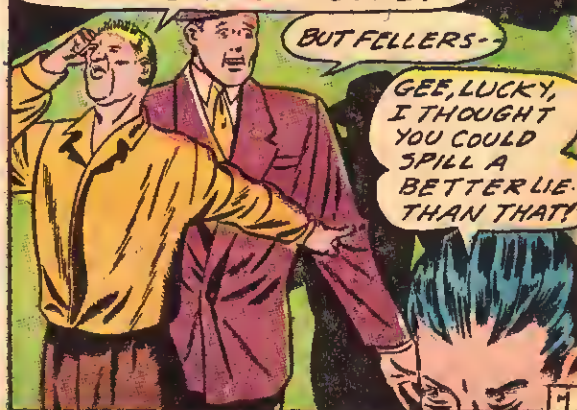


WWW! AND YOU GUYS THINK
THAT'S ME-- NO! THAT'S
THE REAL DUKE--
LEMME EXPLAIN--



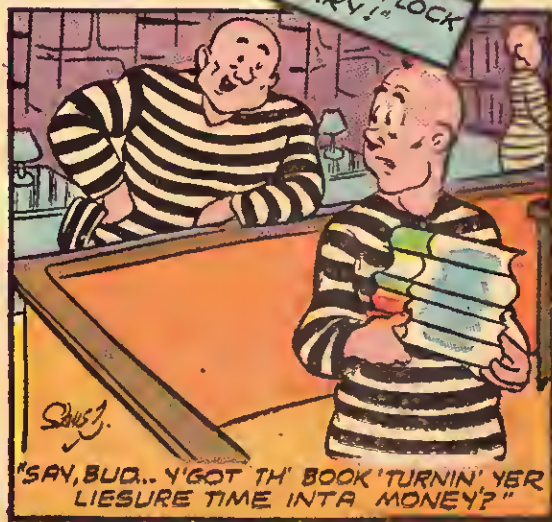
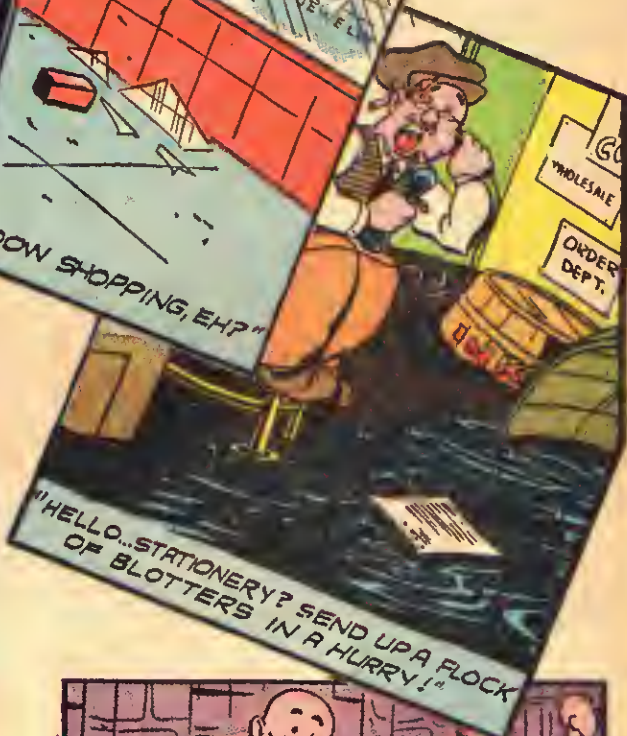
LUCKY EXPLAINS THE MISTAKEN
IDENTITY BUT--

WHOOE! THAT TOPS ALL! LUCKY, DON'T
DENY IT-- THAT'S YOU ON THE PICTURE
AND YOU GAVE THE PUBLICITY MAN
THE NAME OF THE DUKE!



BUT FELLERS--

GEE, LUCKY,
I THOUGHT
YOU COULD
SPILL A
BETTER LIE
THAN THAT!



The FUGITIVES

MIKE SANDERS was talking. And when Mike talked everybody listened.

"If the cops come there'll be fireworks," he threatened. "I don't go in without a fight, and that's a promise."

"Why don't we make a break for it tonight?" Tony suggested. "This dump is like a rat trap. We wouldn't stand a chance."

Mike wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"Too soon," he said. "We only took that bank day before yesterday. Wait until it cools off a bit."

Haines slouched in an easy chair, his long legs stretched out before him.

"You'll never cool off, Mike," he remarked casually. "Not until you're dead and planted. And I ain't much better off. What can we lose? At least on the outside we got a chance to make a run for it. We can move around."

"Shh—shut up a minute."

Mike's voice was a hoarse whisper.

"There is somebody coming upstairs," he warned. "And he's trying to be quiet about it. That don't look good."

"Probably one of the tenants."

"Yeah—maybe."

MIKE moved across the room as quietly as a cat. A sudden quick movement and his gun seemed to leap into his hand from its shoulder holster. He leaned his head against the door and listened. Tony watched him intently, while making sure his own weapon was handy.

The footsteps died away. Mike could hear them mounting to the next floor. The two fugitives relaxed.

"I hope a mouse don't run across the floor," said Mike. "I'm so jumpy I'd blow his head off." Tony Haines smiled.

"You need the wide open spaces, Mike," he said. "You ain't nobody to be cooped up like an animal. What do you say. Let's blow."

"No—it's too risky. I can take it for a couple of more days."

"We'll go nuts."

"I'd rather go nuts here," said Mike, "than back in jail. I can always handle a landlord, but I could never get along with no warden."

This remark was punctuated by a sharp knock on the door. Sanders and Haines stared at one another in silent, frozen fright.

THE knock was repeated. This time a trifle louder. Sanders drew his gun and approached the door. He put his left hand on the knob.

"Yeah—who is it?"

No answer. A slip of paper was pushed under the door. Mike picked it up. It contained a message for Mr. Ryan, which was the alias under which Mike had rented the room. He read aloud: 'Mr. Ryan—the party in No. 8 is aware of your true identity. He will remain quiet for a consideration—say 10 thousand dollars of that bank money. Don't try to play rough, Mike Sanders, just slip the money in the letter box of apartment No. 8 and do it within the hour. If not, you'll have an unpleasant visit from the Law.'

Mike crumpled up the paper and threw it into a corner. He was white with rage.

"I'll pay that guy a little visit," Mike swore. "And he'll regret the day he ever got such a bright idea."

"Don't be a chump," said Tony Haines. "You don't suppose he's up there waiting for you, do you? He ain't that stupid."

"But how—how—" Mike shouted. "Who is this guy? How did he get wise to us? I ain't seen a single person in this dump since we came in."

MIKE paced the floor like a wild animal. He pounded his right fist into the palm of his left hand.

"Maybe this guy won't be upstairs," he said. "But I can nail him when he comes for the dough. I'll stick a phony roll in the letter box, and plaster him all over the hallway when he comes to pick it up. Yeah—that's what I'll do."

Tony Haines let a grim smile twist his mouth. "You'll have every cop in New York in the block inside of seconds," he said. "And we can't make a break for it now because he'll see us."

"Then what?" shouted Mike. "There's gotta be some way out."

Mike glared at his friend. The veins stood

out in his neck like pieces of string. He was ready to explode.

"Are you telling me I should let this guy beat me out of 10 grand I risked my neck to get?"

Tony shrugged his shoulders.

"What else?" he remarked.

"But first," said Sanders "I'm going to satisfy my curiosity about something."

He picked up the phone and dialed a number. A few seconds pause and: "Hello—is this the Superintendent? This is Mr. Ryan in apartment 5. Do me a favor, will you? Tell me who occupies No. 8—What?—Are you—never mind—What?—Are you—never mind—thanks."

He banged the receiver on the hook.

"Mrs. Roberts and her daughter," he said. "This don't make sense."

Mike scooped up the blackmail note from the corner where he had tossed it. He read the contents rapidly.

"No dame wrote this," he growled. "This is a man's handwriting if ever I seen it."

Tony Haines appeared equally puzzled. Then he forced a short laugh and started picking at a red looking hang-nail on his left thumb.

"Well now," he began protestingly, "don't look at it that way, Mike. There ain't no such thing as a guy's handwriting and a dame's handwriting. That's why they got experts to figger it out sometimes."

He grinned foolishly and added with a wink: "Nobody oughta know that better than You."

SANDERS walked slowly to the heavily curtained windows. His bushy eyebrows almost met across the middle now. And that was a bad sign. It meant he was thinking, adding up, putting two and two together trying to

make four out of it. Just about now it looked like the answer was five or six. And that meant zero for somebody or other.

"You ain't in no position to say about who scrawled that note, Mike. You ain't no expert. Even they get fooled. Dames're different now than they used to be you know. Ain't that what you're griping about all the time. How different they are now to the way they used to be."

"Remember, Tony. Last night you asked a kid on the corner to get you some cigarettes. I seen you talking to him from the window. What else did you ask him to do—huh? Did you slip him a dollar to slide that note under the door?"

Tony's forehead was beady with perspiration.

"Are you crazy?" he said.

"No, Haines, I ain't crazy. I thought I seen that handwriting before. It's yours—you double dealing punk—"

His gun was out in a flash.

"That's the last fast one you'll ever pull, Tony. This time its curtains—and I mean for keeps."

There was a thunderous crash and the door was shattered from its hinges. Before Sanders could fire strong arms had battered him onto the floor. Tony Haines leaped from his chair-frantically clawing for his gun. A solid smash on the jaw took all the fight out of him. The fugitives were hustled to the street and the waiting police cars. A small boy watched them come from the building.

"Hey, mister," he said to Tony Haines. "Where's the dollar for slipping that note under your door?"

But Tony wasn't talking. His jaw ached.

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1935

of "LUCKY COMICS", published quarterly at Springfield, Mass., for October 3, 1946.

State of New York, County of New York, SS.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Joseph A. Rubinstein, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the "LUCKY COMICS" and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1935, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, J. A. Ruby, 84 William St., N. Y. 7, N. Y.; Editor, J. A. Ruby, 84 William St., N. Y. 7, N. Y.; Business Manager, Joseph A. Rubinstein, 84 William St., N. Y. 7, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by

a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, the name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Consolidated Magazines, Inc., 84 William St., N. Y. 7, N. Y.; Joseph A. Rubinstein, 84 William St., N. Y. 7, N. Y.; Jacob M. Kornfeld, 84 William St., N. Y. 7, N. Y.; Lloyd Y. Jacquet, 84 William St., N. Y. 7, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) JOSEPH A. RUBINSTEIN

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1946 (SEAL) Charles E. Liffander.
(My commission expires March 30, 1946.)

JUNIOR

JUNIOR - JUST ANOTHER AMERICAN BOY WITH SO MUCH TO DO HE CAN'T DECIDE JUST WHERE TO START - BUT, PSHAW! WHO WANTS TO DO ANYTHING IN TH' GOOD OLD SPRING TIME? YET, ONE SHOULD BE UP AND DOING SOMETHING THESE DAYS! NOT KID GAMES - SOMETHING USEFUL! WHY, A FELLER CAN BUILD - CREATE! THAT'S TH' LIFE!

AW, HECK! I GUESS I'VE GOT SPRING FEVER!

GOSH, MUDDIE, CAN'T YOU THINK OF SOMETHING WE CAN DO?

WE MIGHT PLAY CIRCUS OR COPS AND ROBBERS!

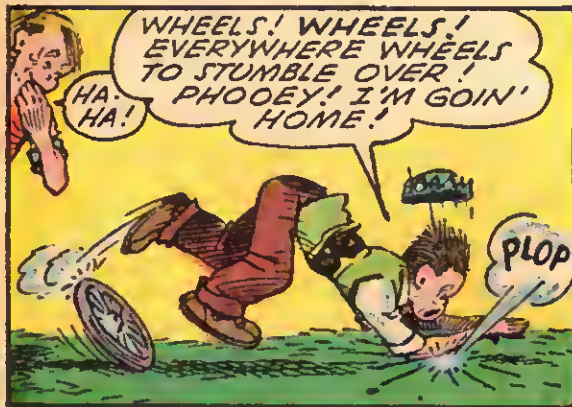
NAW, THAT'S KID STUFF!



WHEELS! WHEELS! EVERYWHERE WHEELS TO STUMBLE OVER! PHOOEY! I'M GOIN' HOME!

HA-HA!

PLOP



WHEELS - HMM-M - - - ? HEY, MUDDIE, COME BACK HERE! I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU!

GOSH TH' MORE I THINK OF IT, TH' BIGGER IT LOOKS! GOSH-CHEE! I WONDER IF IT CAN BE DONE?



LEND ME YOUR EAR, AND LISTEN CLOSE! PSTT-PSTT-WHISPER -

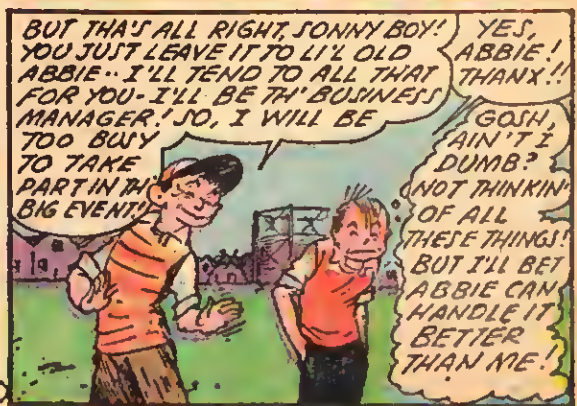
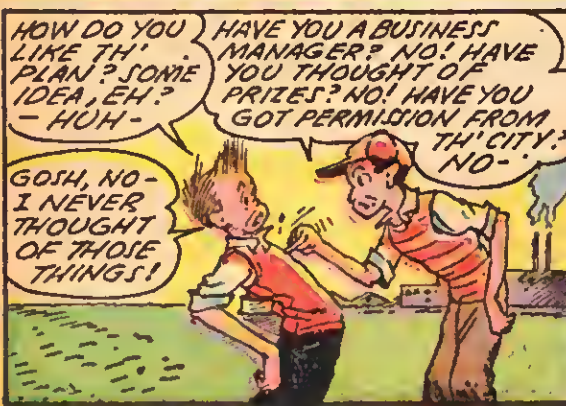
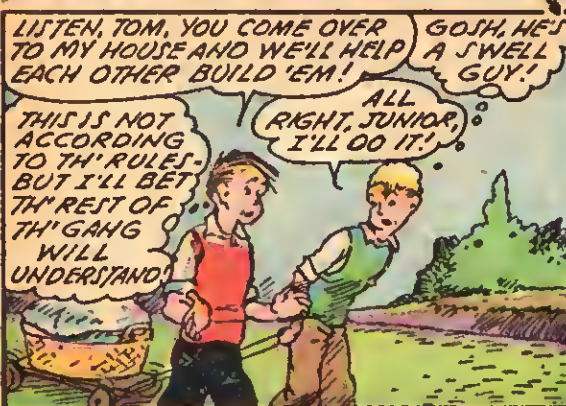
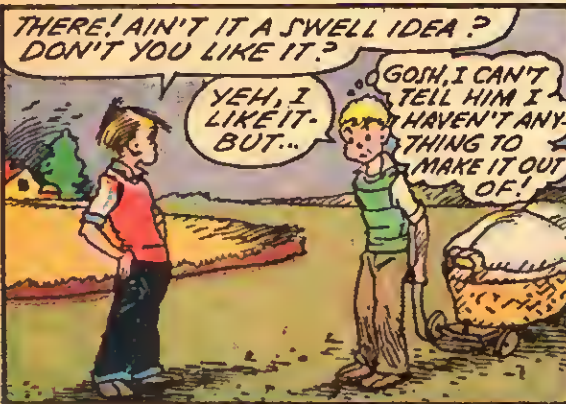
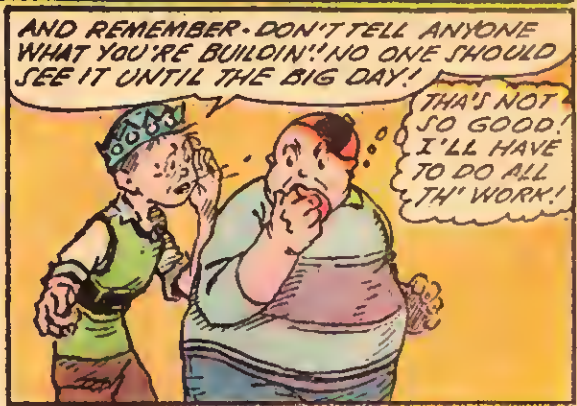
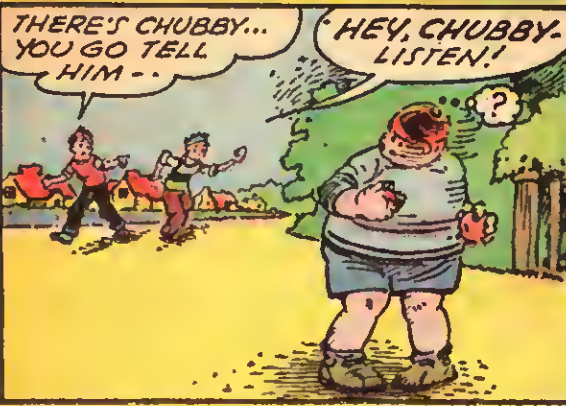
HOT DIGGITY!



LE'S HUNT UP TH' GANG AND TELL 'EM OUR PLAN! BE SURE TO TELL EACH ONE TO KEEP WHAT HE'S DOIN' SECRET UNTIL TH' BIG DAY! YOU GO THAT WAY - I'LL GO THIS WAY!

GHEE.. I KNOW WHAT I'M GOIN' TO DO ALREADY!





AS DAYS PASS, THE GROWN-UPS GET CURIOUS ABOUT THE COMING "GREAT EVENT" THAT IS, ALL BUT JUNIOR'S DAD - HE HAS JUST LEARNED ABOUT IT FROM ABBIE'S POP.

YES, MY SON ABBIE, IS THE BUSINESS MANAGER! HE HAS SOLD US ALL ON HELPING TO BUY THE BIG SUPPER PRIZE, AND IS NOW WORKING ON THE PUBLICITY! AH - A GREAT BUSINESS HEAD THAT BOY HAS!

ISZAT SO?

DO YOU KNOW, MOTHER, THAT OUR SON IS PUTTING ON SOME BIG - -

YES, I KNOW ABOUT IT! AND, IF YOU'D LEAVE YOUR BUSINESS LOCKED UP IN YOUR OFFICE, YOU'D KNOW ABOUT IT ALSO!

HI, MOM, HI, DAD!

I'D RATHER NOT BE A JUDGE - I'D JUST LIKE TO WORK AND HELP YOU!

GEE, DAD - I CAN'T LET YOU DO THAT! YOU SEE, EACH ONE OF US WHO TAKES PART IN IT, MUST FURNISH ALL PARTS AND DO THE ACTUAL BUILDING HIMSELF!

OH GOSH, I'D LIKE TO SHOW DAD WHAT I'M DOING, BUT IT'S AGAINST TH' RULES - DADS ARE FUNNY - MINE IS ALWAYS SO BUSY, MOST OF TH' TIME HE DOESN'T KNOW I'M HERE - UNLESS HE SEES SOME WORK FOR ME TO DO. THEN OTHER TIMES, HE ACTS LIKE HE'D PLAY WITH ME - IF HE KNEW HOW - HM-M - 'S FUNNY-WORLD!

3

THAT EVENING JUNIOR'S DAD COMES HOME.

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY JUNIOR HASN'T TOLD ME ABOUT THIS - WHATEVER IT IS!

MOTHER - O, MOTHER! WHERE'S JUNIOR?

WHY DON'T YOU LET ME IN ON YOUR BIG PLAN? MAYBE I COULD HELP -

YOU'RE SO BUSY, DAD - I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D CARE TO HEAR ABOUT IT! SURE YOU CAN HELP, YOU CAN. BE ONE OF THE JUDGES ON THE BIG EVENT!

SOMEBODY I'VE MUFFED THE BALL ON BEING A DAD - MAYBE I'VE WAITED TOO LONG TO GET INTERESTED IN THE THINGS HE DOES! BUT I'M GONNA SPEND MORE PART OF MY TIME FROM NOW ON!

POOR DAD! HE'S NOT HAVING SUCH PLEASANT THOUGHTS JUST NOW! BUT, HE'S CATCHING ON! I'LL JUST KEEP QUIET AND IT WILL WORK OUT FOR THE BOTH OF THEM!



TIME RACES ON AND NOW THE BIG DAY HAS ARRIVED!

WELL, PUP, WISH ME LUCK! I'M TROTTING OUT MY WAR CHARIOT FOR TH' BIG EVENT!

NEW WHITE COVERALLS

3

WOW!

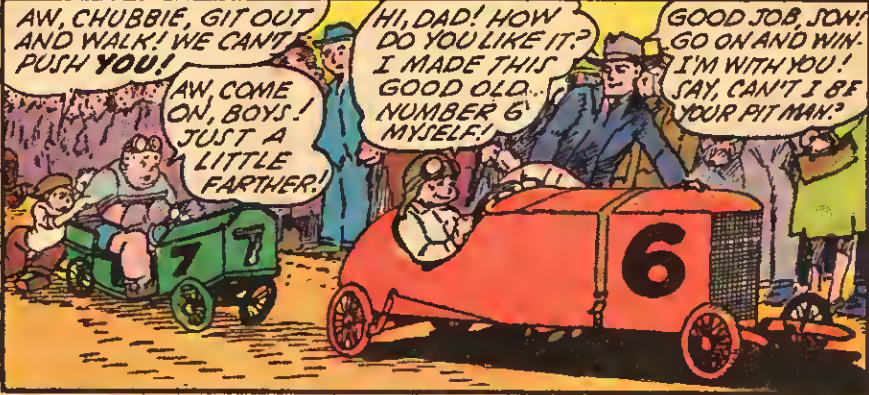
HOT DIGGITY!
KIDS, LOOK!
IT'S GONNA BE
A GOOD OLD
SOAPBOX
AUTO RACE!
HERE THEY
COME FOR TH'
LINE-UP!
WHOOPEE !!

AW, CHUBBIE, GIT OUT
AND WALK! WE CAN'T
PUSH YOU!

AW, COME
ON, BOYS!
JUST A
LITTLE
FARTHER!

HI, DAD! HOW
DO YOU LIKE IT?
I MADE THIS
GOOD OLD...
NUMBER 6
MYSELF!

GOOD JOB, SON!
GO ON AND WIN!
I'M WITH YOU!
SAY, CAN'T I BE
YOUR PIT MAN?



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--
TODAY MARKS THE
OPENING OF GREATER
THINGS TO COME! THIS
SOAP BOX AUTO RACE
PROMOTED BY
JUNIOR..

JUST A MINUTE,
YOUR HONOR, SIR!
MAY I MAKE A
CORRECTION,
PLEASE!

WHY,
CERTAINLY,
SON!



GOSH THIS
IS
GREAT!



I AM NOT THE PROMOTER
OF THIS BIG RACE! I ONLY
THOUGHT OF THE IDEA--
MY FRIEND, ABBIE, DID
ALL THE PROMOTING --
GETTING TH' PRIZES
AND PUBLICITY!

AW, PHOOEY,
JUNIOR! YOU'RE
SPOILING ALL
MY FUN! I
JUST WANTED
TO BE TH' GUY
O BEHIND TH'
SCENES!



ALL RIGHT, EVERY-
ONE? THEN,
LET TH' RACE
BEGIN!

I'M
READY!

MAH GOODNESS!
THIS HEAH-HILL
SHO LOOKS LONG
AND STEEP! AH
DOW-NO IF N I'D
BETTAH NOT
TAKE NO PAHT
IN IT- UM-M!

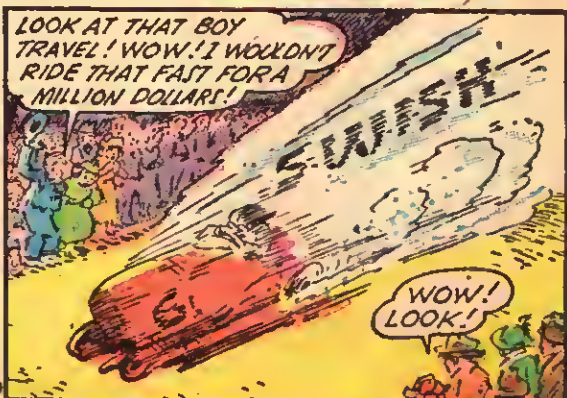
JUNIOR IS THE FIRST TO START --



HERE THEY
COME!

YOU'RE OFF,
JUNIOR!
GOOD LUCK
TO YOU,
SON!

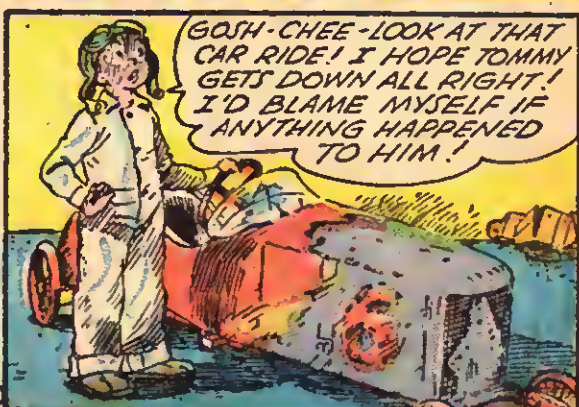
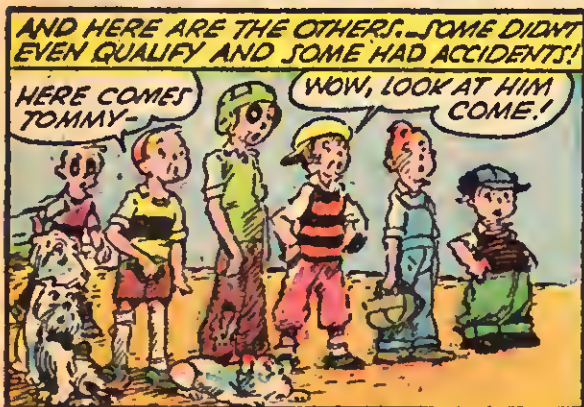
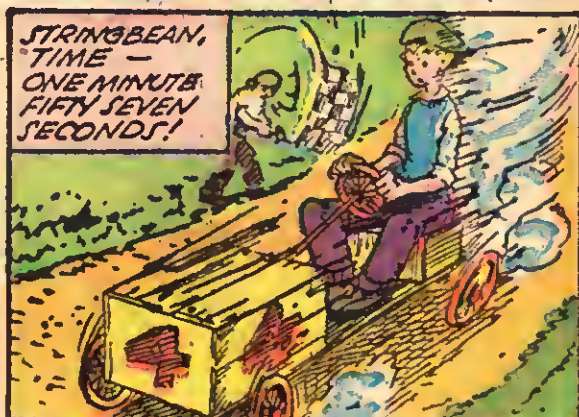
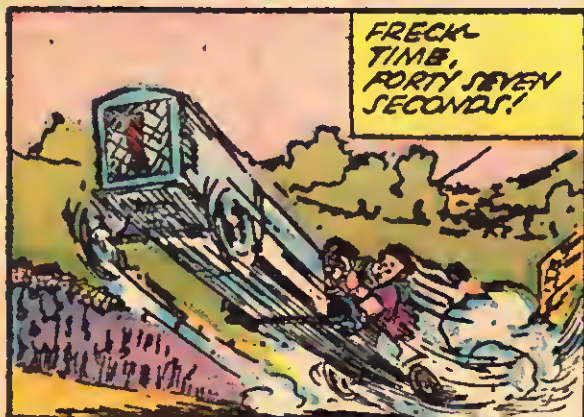
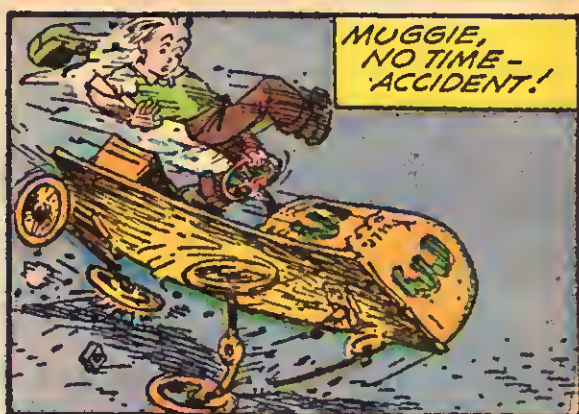
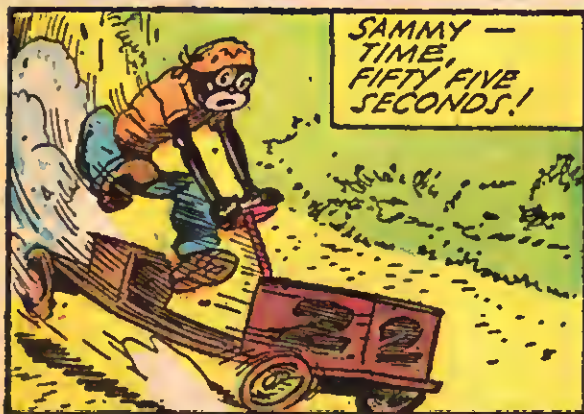
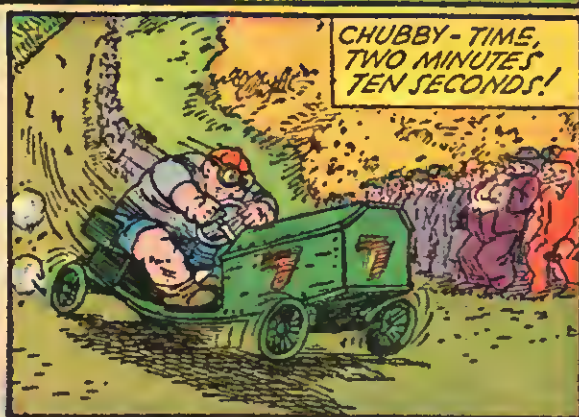
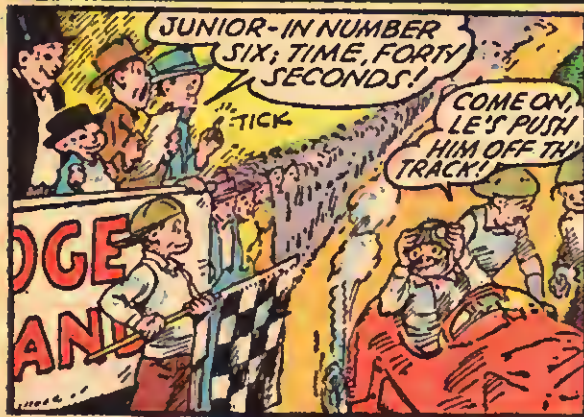
WHEE!

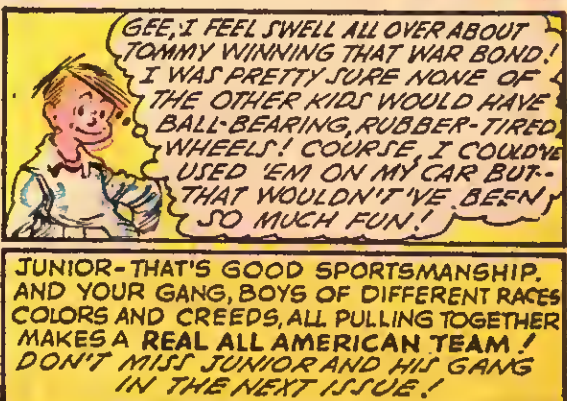
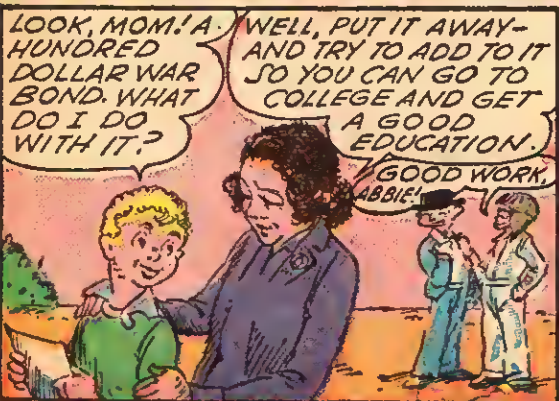
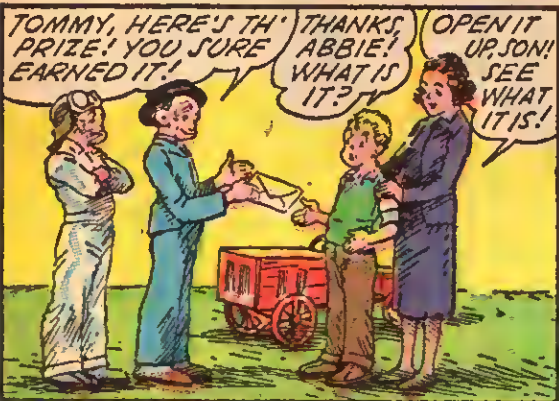
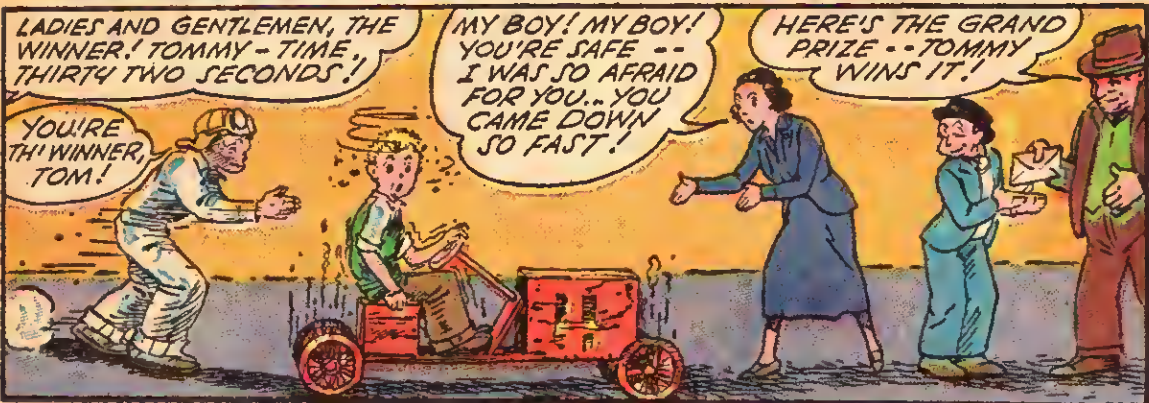
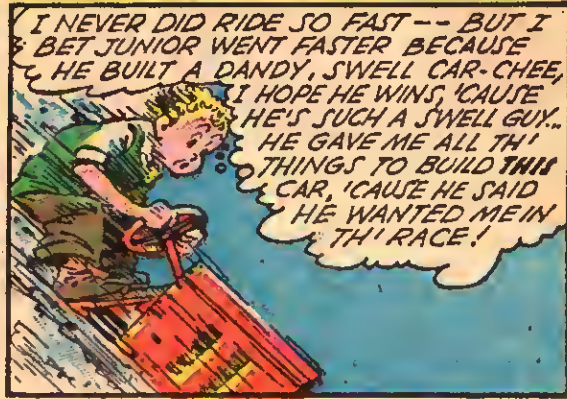
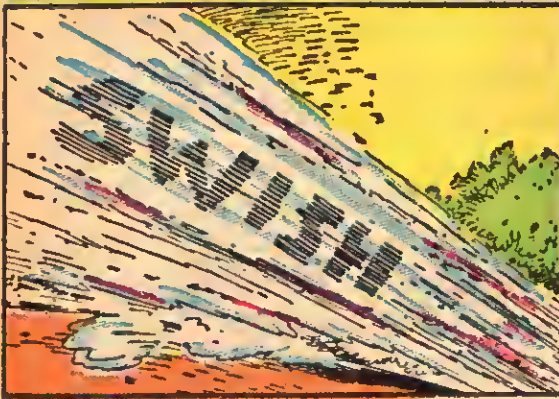


LOOK AT THAT BOY
TRAVEL! WOW! I WOULDN'T
RIDE THAT FAST FOR A
MILLION DOLLARS!

SWISH

WOW!
LOOK!



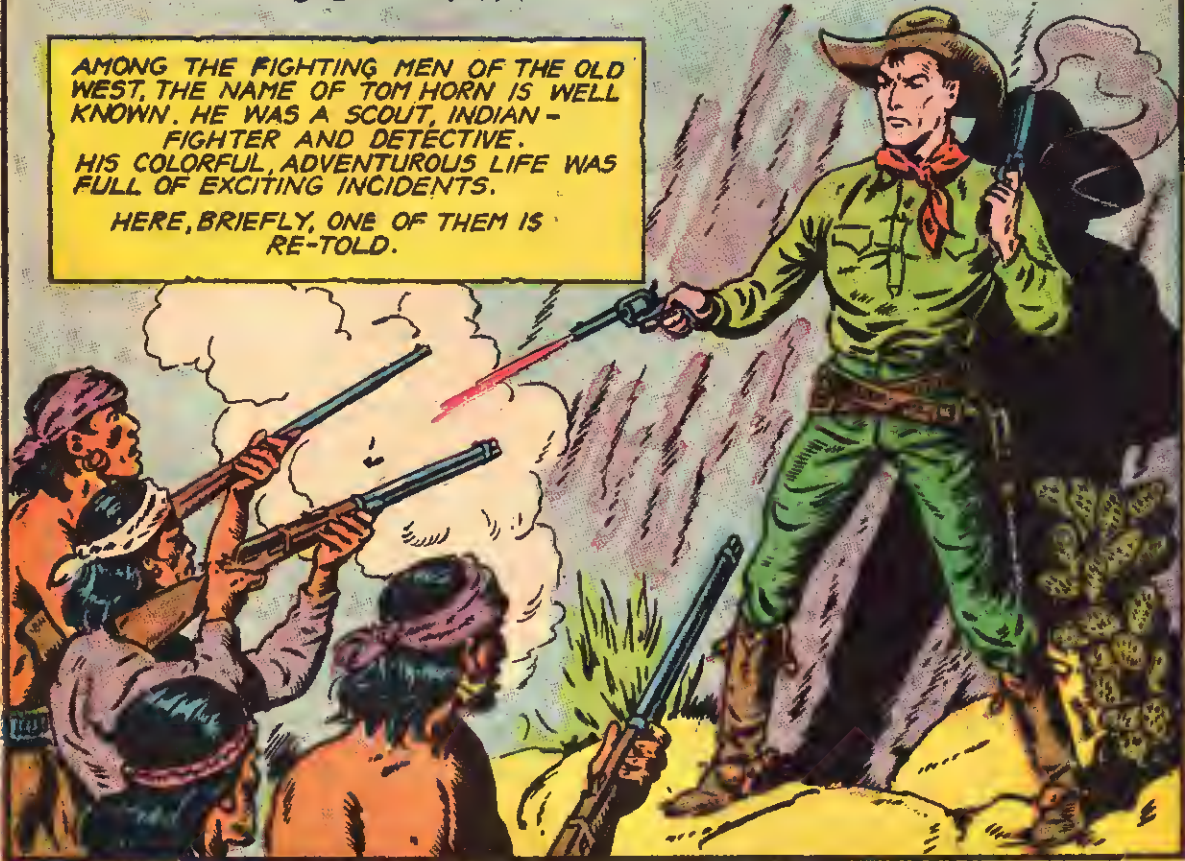


GUN LORE

AND
'GUN' LAW

AMONG THE FIGHTING MEN OF THE OLD WEST, THE NAME OF TOM HORN IS WELL KNOWN. HE WAS A SCOUT, INDIAN-FIGHTER AND DETECTIVE. HIS COLORFUL, ADVENTUROUS LIFE WAS FULL OF EXCITING INCIDENTS.

HERE, BRIEFLY, ONE OF THEM IS RE-TOLD.



NOBODY RESTED EASILY ON THE FRONTIER WHEN THE WORD WAS PASSED THAT THE DREAD APACHES WERE LOOSE!

TOM, WE'RE HEADIN' FER TROUBLE WITH THEM APACHES UNDER GERONIMO OR MUH NAME AIN'T AL SIEBER!

RECKON YER RIGHT AL! THEM VARMINTS AIR UP TO SUTHIN'. I LIVED AMONGST 'EM LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW WHAT THEY'RE INTENDIN'!



SIEBER AND HORN WERE RIGHT! THE APACHES WENT ON THE WAR-PATH!



AT A U.S. CAVALRY BIVOUAC AREA

SIR, SCOUTS SIEBER AND HORN REPORTING FOR DUTY!

FINE! I'M MAJOR TUPPER.. AND WE'RE IN A TIGHT SPOT HERE!



MORE THAN 300 APACHES UNDER GERONIMO ARE HEADING FOR THE MEXICAN BORDER. I HAVE A TROOP OF 40 MEN UNDER MY COMMAND..AND MY ORDERS ARE TO TURN THE INDIANS BACK! THAT'LL CALL FOR CAREFUL SCOUTING AND PLANNING!



MAJOR, YER TALKIN' TO THE RIGHT 'BOYS! WE'LL SCOUT THEM RED-SKINS LIKE THEY WUZ NEVER SCOUTED AFORE..AN' IF THEY KIN BE SURPRISED WE'RE THE BOYS TO TELL YOU HOW TO DO IT!

THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE TO HEAR YOU TALK!



LATER...

HOW D'YE RECKON.. WE KIN GOT THE DROP ON THEM APACHES...

THAT'LL TAKE A LOT OF FIGGERIN' BECAUSE GERONIMO IS A MIGHTY CAGEY CUSS!



THAR'S A GOOD OBSERVATION POINT, TOM!

RIGHT YOU AIR!



D'YE SEE 'EM, TOM?

HMMM.. YUP! GOT 'EM IN MUH SPY-GLASS... THAR'S A HEAP OF 'EM!



THEM CRITTERS
AIR HOLDIN' A
BIG SHINDIG!
LOOKS LIKE ONE
OF THEM EVER-
LASTIN' FESTIVALS
THAT THEY HAVE!

HMMM. RECKON
THEY THINK THEY
GIVE US THE SLIP
- WAAL, WE'LL
WAIT 'TIL NIGHT-
FALL, AN' THEN
MOVE IN ON 'EM-
LET'S GIT BACK
TO THE MAJOR!



BACK AT CAMP...

THEM APACHE 'LL BE
DANCIN' ALL NIGHT
LONG. WE KIN CLOSE
IN ON 'EM TONIGHT
AN' ATTACK AT DAWN!

GOOD!
BUGLER...
SOUND
ASSEMBLY!



TA-TA-TA-
TA-TA-TI-TA-
TA-TA-TA

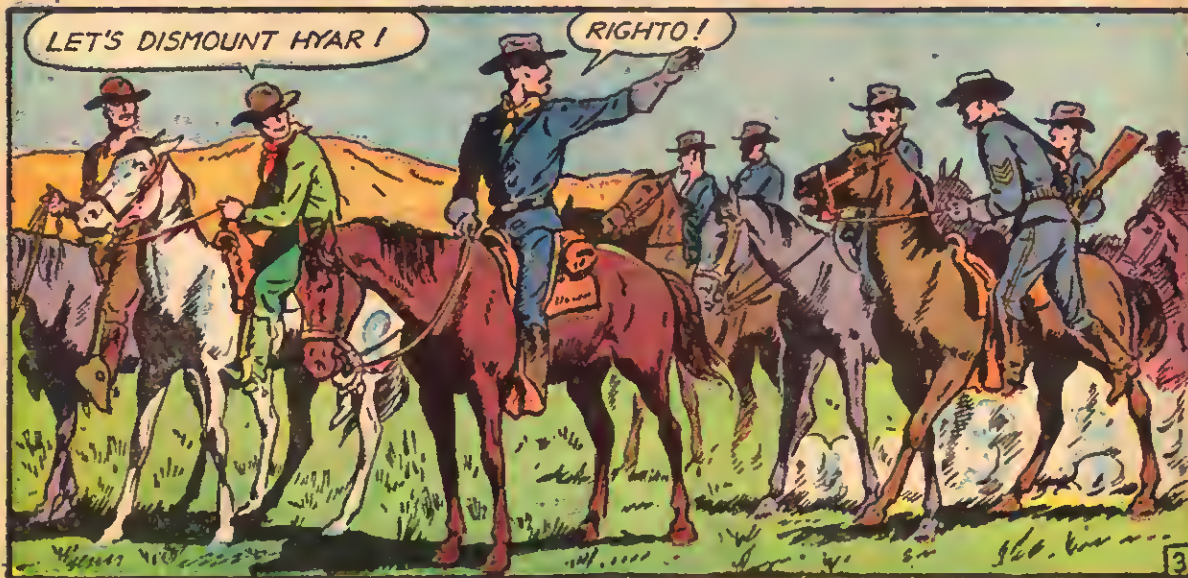
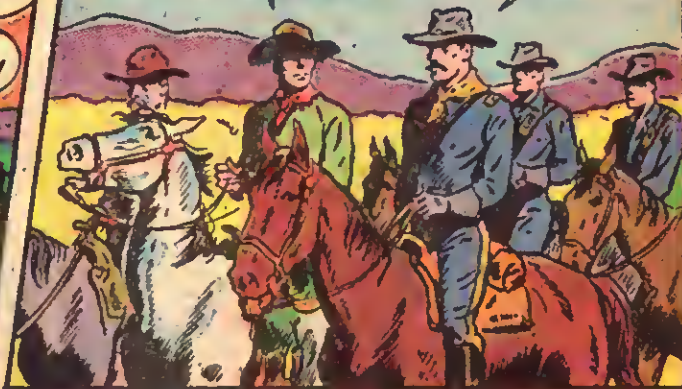
LOOKS LIKE ACTION!
THEM SCOUTS JUST
RODE IN!

SUITS
ME FINE! I'M
TIRED OF
WAITIN'!

THE CAVALRY UNIT SWINGS INTO ACTION..

WE'LL RIDE UP THE WAY A
PIECE MAJOR, - AN' THEN
MOVE AHEAD ON FOOT!

OKAY, BOYS!
YOU KNOW
BEST!



LET'S DISMOUNT HYAR!

RIGHTO!

QUIET, BOYS — THEM REDSKINS
GOT MIGHTY SHARP EARS!



GO GIT 'EM BOYS!

YAHOO! YIPEE!



LATER, AS DARKNESS SETS IN. . . .

OKAY, SIR —
THE MEN ARE
ALL SET!

FINE — GET YOUR SECTION
MOVING ON THE FLANK —
WE'LL CLOSE IN NOW!



THE SURPRISE ATTACK OVERWHELMS
THE INDIANS. . .



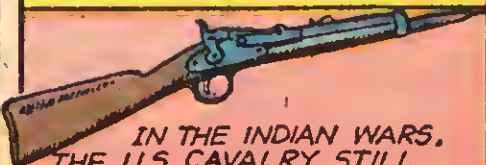
AFTER THE ROUT OF THE INDIANS. . . .

BOYS, YOU DID A MIGHTY FINE
JOB — AND I'M PROUD OF YOU!
WE TOOK 54 PRISONERS AND
MORE THAN 260 HORSES. . . IS
THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO
FOR YOU?

YOU BETCHA,
MAJOR —
I'D LIKE ONE
OF THEM
INJUN PONIES.



GUN-TIPS



IN THE INDIAN WARS,
THE U.S. CAVALRY STILL
USED THE SINGLE-SHOT
SPRINGFIELD CARBINE. . .
REPEATING RIFLE ACTIONS
HAD NOT BEEN DEVELOPED
TO THE POINT OF HANDLING
THE LONG, POWERFUL BLACK-
POWDER CARTRIDGES WHICH
HAD BEEN DEVELOPED FOR
THE SINGLE SHOT RIFLES.



Draw CARTOONS

With
HOWELL

EASY LESSONS
IN CARTOONING

WELL BOYS AND
GIRLS - LET'S
START THESE
LITTLE LESSONS
IN CARTOONING
WITH FAMILAR
FACIAL
EXPRESSIONS-
COPY THE FEW
SIMPLE LINES IN
THE CIRCLES IN
THE OUTLINES OF
THE HUMAN HEADS



HAPPINESS



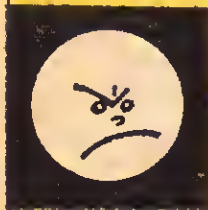
USE A SOFT
LEAD PENCIL
AND MAKE
STRONG SURE
STROKES...



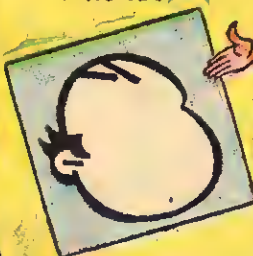
IT'S EASY TO
LEARN TO
DRAW FOR
FUN AND
PROFIT....



SORROW



ANGER



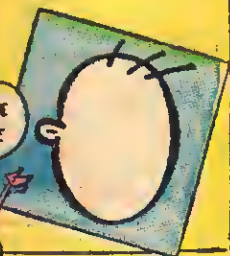
LAUGHTER



IF HE
WANTS TO
WINK MAKE
HIM DO IT
HERE



PUT THIS
SCARED ONE
OVER HERE



HERE ARE SOME OF
THE EXPRESSIONS
IN PROFILE OR SIDE
VIEW.....



OUR ART GALLERY

THIS SPACE WILL BE RESERVED FOR THE PRINTING OF THE
BEST DRAWINGS SENT IN BY OUR READERS, AFTER THEY
FINISH THE DRAWING LESSON ON THIS PAGE.

ALL YOU DO IS TO DRAW SOMETHING BASED ON THE
THINGS YOU'VE LEARNED FROM THIS LESSON - THE
MORE ORIGINAL THE BETTER THE CHANCE OF ITS
GETTING PRINTED HERE. UNCLE JOE WILL PAY \$1.00
FOR EACH DRAWING THAT APPEARS IN THIS "GALLERY"
(DRAWINGS BECOME THE PROPERTY OF THE MAGAZINE.)



UNCLE JOE & CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES, INC. 84 WILLIAMS ST. NEW YORK, 7. N.Y.



NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
AGE _____

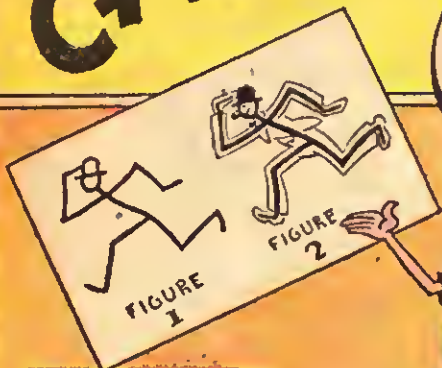
draw CARTOONS

with
HOWELL

HERE'S ANOTHER EASY
LESSON IN CARTOONING

WANT TO SEE YOUR DRAWINGS
PRINTED? - SWELL OFFER BELOW

HERE'S HOW IT'S
DONE FOLKS - I
FURNISH THE SKELETON
CLUE AS IN FIGURE 1 -
AND YOU COMPLETE
THE DRAWINGS AS IN
FIGURE 2 - IT'S A
CINCH!



SHOW YOUR PALS HOW
WELL YOU CAN DRAW!



DON'T MISS NEXT
MONTH'S LESSON -
IT'S A WOW!



MY HAT'S OFF
TO THE
WINNERS - THEY'VE
GOT SOMETHING
ON THE BALL

OFFER

GET GOING NOW WITH THIS DRAWING FUN! I WANT TO SEE
LOTS OF DRAWINGS FROM YOU ALL FOR THAT SPACE BELOW!

OUR ART
GALLERY

THIS SPACE RESERVED
FOR YOU AND YOU --

(EVERYBODY ELSE - KEEP OFF!)

Uncle Joe.

DON'T FORGET!

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
AGE _____

SEND TO

UNCLE JOE, % CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES, INC., 84 WILLIAMS ST., NEW YORK, 7

The RING of DARIUS

Copyright 1941 by CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES, INC.

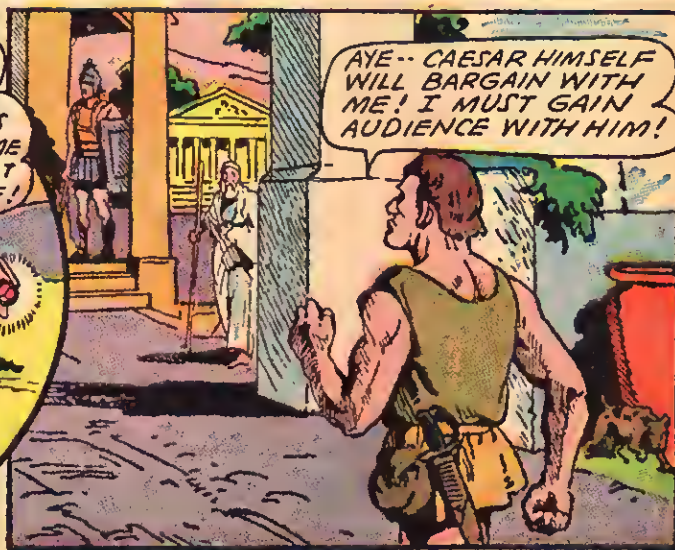


DEATH TO THE POSSESSOR OF THE DIAMOND OF BLOOD -- DARIUS' FABULOUS RING IS TAKEN TO ROME AND EVEN THE GREAT EMPEROR JULIUS CAESAR, FALLS UNDER UNDER ITS STRANGE POWER!

REMUS, THE ASSASSIN, HAS GAINED POSSESSION OF THE RED DIAMOND THROUGH THE DEATH OF TWO PEOPLE --

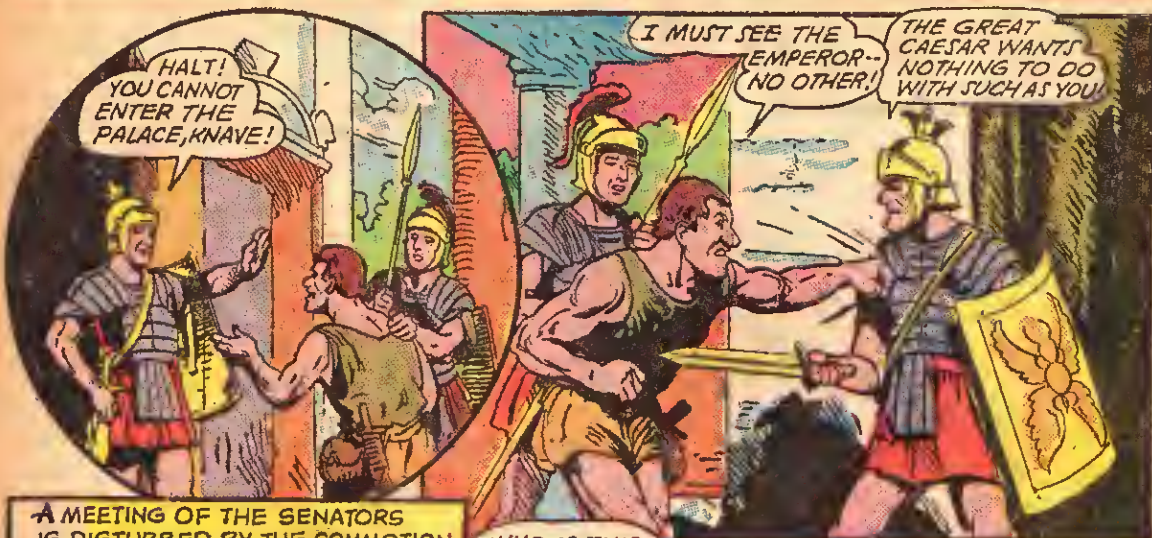


THE GODS HAVE FAVORED ME THIS DAY... THIS PRICELESS JEWEL WILL BRING ME FORTUNE! I GO AT ONCE TO ROME!



AYE -- CAESAR HIMSELF WILL BARGAIN WITH ME! I MUST GAIN AUDIENCE WITH HIM!

RING OF DARIUS



A MEETING OF THE SENATORS IS DISTURBED BY THE COMMOTION REMUS CAUSES ...

WHO IS THIS VAGRANT WHO SEEKS AUDIENCE WITH ME?

WHAT IS THIS DISTURBANCE? SEE AT ONCE, BRUTUS!

GUARD! I WILL SEE NO ONE BUT CAESAR!

ALL RIGHT, GUARDS! WE WILL HEAR

ONE OF NO THIS IMPORTANCE, MAN!

I WOULD SEE THEE IN PRIVATE SIRE!

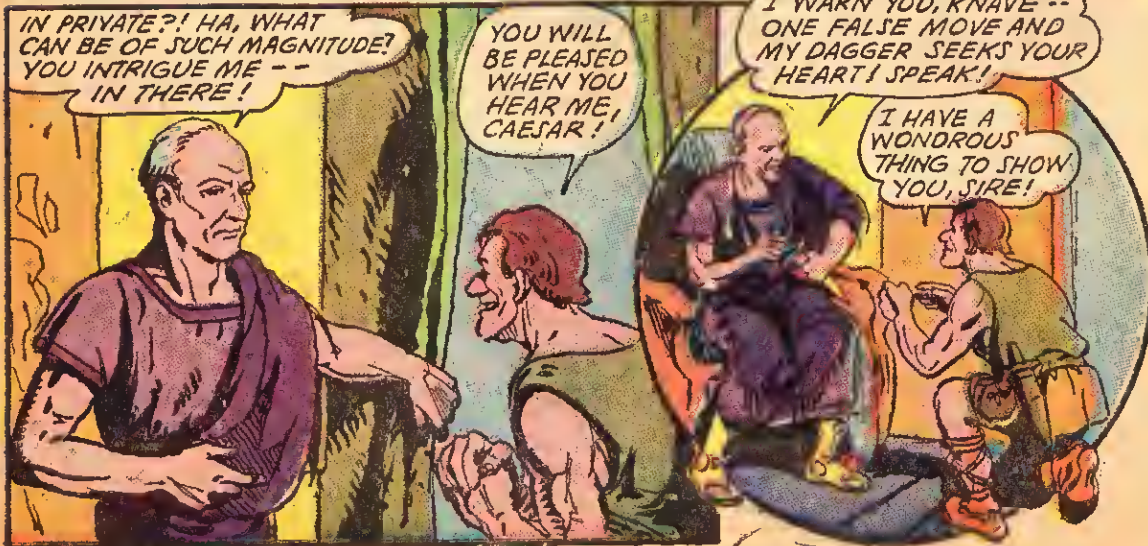
CAESAR, AMUSED BY THE MAN'S INSISTENCE, ATTENDS TO THE MATTER IN PERSON...

IN PRIVATE?! HA, WHAT CAN BE OF SUCH MAGNITUDE? YOU INTRIGUE ME -- IN THERE!

YOU WILL BE PLEASED WHEN YOU HEAR ME, CAESAR!

I WARN YOU, KNAVE -- ONE FALSE MOVE AND MY DAGGER SEEKS YOUR HEART! SPEAK!

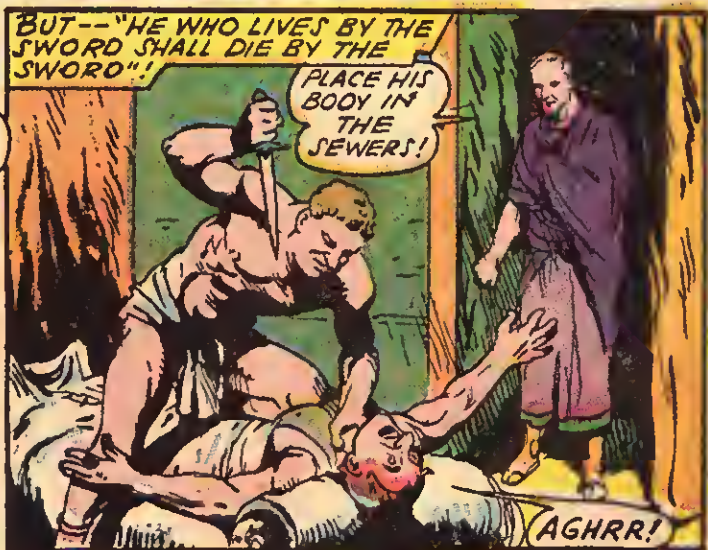
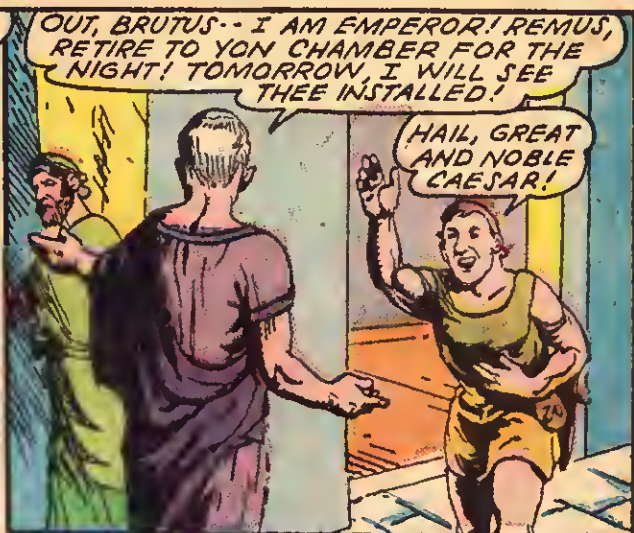
I HAVE A WONDROUS THING TO SHOW YOU, SIRE!



RING OF DARIUS



RING OF DARIUS



RING OF DARIUS

I WOULD THINK FURTHER ON THE MATTER, CAESAR! THERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT MUST BE DECIDED...

WAIT... SAY NO MORE!



THE DIAMOND OF DIAMONOS FOR THE QUEEN OF QUEENS-- IF SHE WILL AGREE!

OH-- HOW SPLENDID! IS IT REALLY A DIAMOND?



IT IS! AND IT CAN BE YOURS IF YOU WILL BUT SAY ONE WORD!

CAESAR, YOU PLAY ON MY WOMAN'S LOVE OF BEAUTY-- YES!



AT THIS SAME TIME, CONSPIRACY DEVELOPS ON THE FLOOR OF THE SENATE --

BRUTUS, MY SPIES HAVE INFORMED ME THAT EVEN NOW CLEOPATRA HAS JOINED WITH CAESAR!

THAT IS BAD, CASSIUS! CAESAR MUST BE HALTED! OR THE POPULACE WILL RISE AGAINST US!



THE SENATORS CARRY OUT THEIR PLAN OF ASSASSINATION!

DIE, CAESAR SO ROME MAY LIVE!



THE IDES OF MARCH-- FATEFUL, HISTORICAL

HA-- IT SEEMS MY SENATE DISAPPROVES OF MY PACT WITH CLEOPATRA! LET THEM TRY TO STOP THE GREAT CAESAR!

NOW! IT IS TIME!



THEN, THE DEEPEST STAB OF ALL --



NO!

RING OF DARIUS



BRUTUS-- YOU TOO? BUT, YOU WERE MY FRIEND ... UGH



GO NOW-- DISPERSE! CAESAR IS DEAD!

IT IS GOOD!

CLEOPATRA HEARS THE NEWS--

MY QUEEN, CAESAR HAS BEEN SLAIN AT THE SENATE!

WHAT? NO! IT IS UNBELIEVABLE! WHAT MUST I DO NOW?



PREPARE MY LITTER-- I GO TO SPEAK WITH MARC ANTONY!

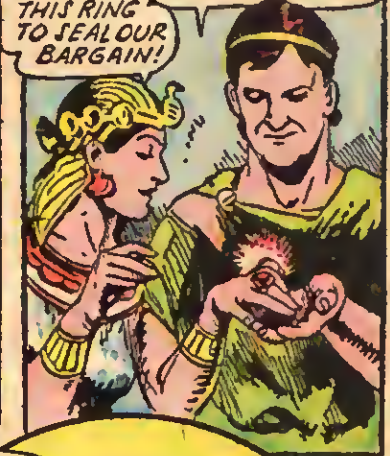
IT IS DONE, MADAME!



CLEOPATRA AND MARC ANTONY..

JUST THIS MORNING, CAESAR GAVE ME THIS RING TO SEAL OUR BARGAIN!

THE RING FOR WHICH THEY THOUGHT HE WOULD MAKE REMUS SENATOR!



SPIES ARE ALL THROUGH ROME AND OCTAVIUS HEARS OF THE MEETING --

SO SHE IS WITH ANTONY!? THE PEOPLE ARE FURIOUS WITH THE EGYPTIAN QUEEN-- MEASURES MUST BE TAKEN!



WHAT IS YOUR PLAN, OCTAVIUS?

THERE IS BUT ONE WAY-- WAR! ROME WILL DECLARE WAR ON EGYPT!



RING OF DARIUS

CLEOPATRA -- OCTAVIUS
HAS DECLARED WAR
ON EGYPT!

ANTONY --
YOU MUST HELP
ME!

ANTONY'S LEGIONS JOIN THE EGYPTIAN
FORCE AND MEET WITH THE ROMANS IN
FURIOUS BATTLE -- STAINING THE CALM
WATERS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN WITH
THE BLOOD OF THE BRAVE MEN!
CLEOPATRA WATCHES WITH DISMAY AS
THE ROMANS OVERCOME HER PROUD
FORCES ...



RING OF DARIUS



THE EGYPTIANS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE ROMAN WARRIORS --

SO THE ENEMY HAS BROKEN COMBAT-- EGYPT HAS SURRENDERED TO ME!



I WILL RETURN TOMORROW!

AYE, OCTAVIUS, THAT IS THE FACT!

OCTAVIUS ENTERS THE EGYPTIAN COURT!

I REFUSE TO SURRENDER MARC ANTONY TO YOU!



RING OF DARIUS

OCTAVIUS WILL NOT REST UNTIL HE HAS KILLED MARC ANTONY-- HOW CAN I WARN HIM? EVEN I DO NOT KNOW WHERE ANTONY IS!



THIS RING--ALL TROUBLE STEMS FROM IT! AH, NO! SUCH BEAUTY COULD NOT BRING HORRIBLE DISASTER!



MEANWHILE, OCTAVIUS STARTS A RUMOR WHICH EVENTUALLY REACHES ANTONY'S EARS--



SIRE, IT IS SAID THAT CLEOPATRA IS DEAD-- BY HER OWN HAND

DEAD?! AYE--WHAT MORE IS LEFT TO SUCH AS US?

BETTER THAT I, TOO, TAKE MY LIFE THAN SURRENDER MYSELF TO OCTAVIUS!



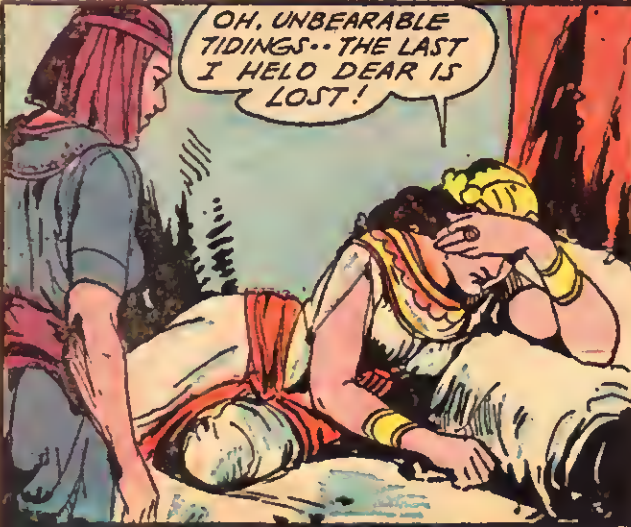
OCTAVIUS, ANTONY IS DEAD!



AH! MY SCHEME HAS WORKED! TELL THE QUEEN OF THIS NEWS!



OH, UNBEARABLE TIDINGS-- THE LAST I HELD DEAR IS LOST!



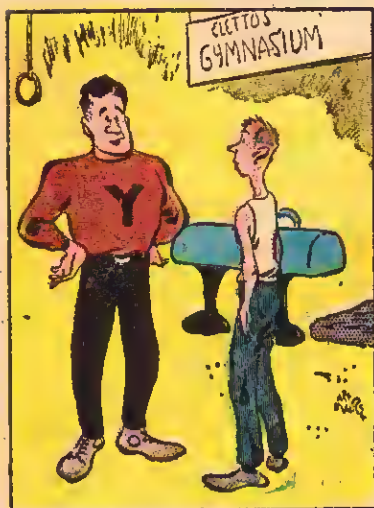
THE RING -- PERHAPS I WAS RIGHT-- MAYHAP IT'S BLOOD RED COLOR HOLDS ONLY FOR THE BLOOD SPILLED UPON IT... ANTONY'S BLOOD!



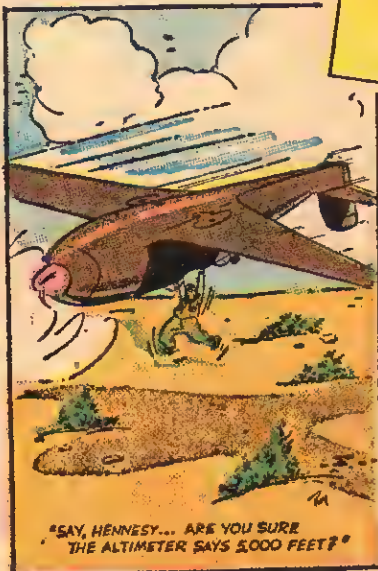
RING OF DARIUS



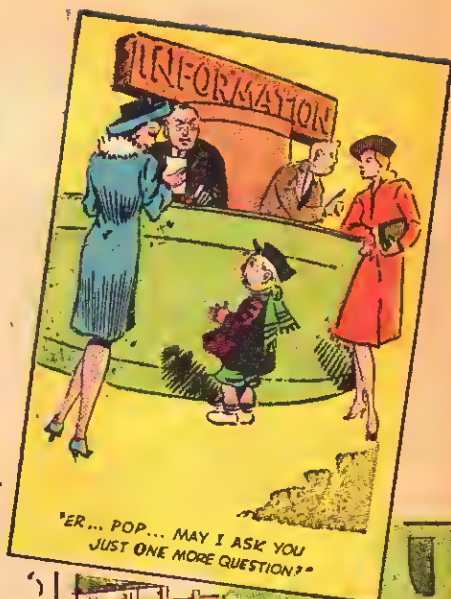
LUCKY COMICS LAFF



"DO YOU WANT THE RIPPED STOMACH FOR FIVE DOLLARS -- OR THE BULGING BICEPS FOR THREE?"



"SAY, HENNESSY... ARE YOU SURE THE ALTIMETER SAYS 5,000 FEET?"



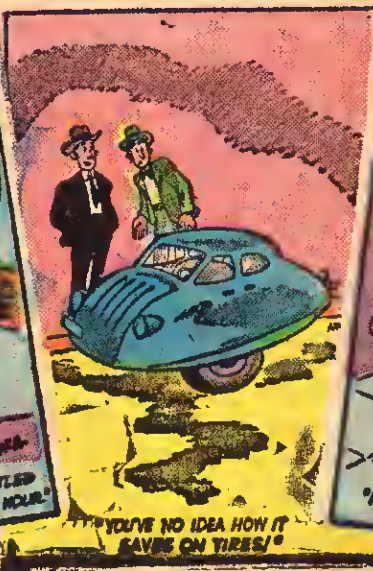
"ER... POP... MAY I ASK YOU JUST ONE MORE QUESTION?"



"NO MISTAKES, NOW, CHILDREN... WE, TOO, MUST DO OUR PART TO CONSERVE RUBBER!"



"HAVE A HEART, FOREMAN... WE'RE ENTITLED TO A LITTLE RECREATION DURING LUNCH HOUR."



"YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW IT SAVES ON TIRES!"



"HURRY, ED! BEFORE SHE PICKS UP SPEED!"



It's EASY
to
Win Her!

...when You Know How!

READ for YOURSELF!

How To Date A Girl	How To Look Your Best
How To Interest Her In You	How Not To Offend
How To Win Her Love	How To Be Well-Mannered
How To Express Your Love	How To Overcome "Inferiority"
How To "Make Up" With Her	How To Hold Her Love
How To Have "Personality"	How To Show Her A Good Time

AND MORE VALUABLE PAGES!



WOMEN are funny—you never know whether you're making the right move or not. Avoid disappointment, *heartbreak!* Save yourself lots of tragedy. Don't be a Faux pas! Read **HOW TO GET ALONG WITH GIRLS** and discover for yourself the ABC and XYZ of successful strategy. Put psychology to work. No more clumsy mistakes for *you*—get the real McCoy on *how to deal with women in this amazing handbook.*

5 DAY FREE OFFER!

FREE five days' examination of this book is offered to you if you send the coupon today! We will ship you your copy by return mail, in plain wrapper. If not delighted with results, after reading book, return it in 5 days and your money will be refunded. Stravon Publishers, New York.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

STRAVON PUBLISHERS, Dept.
113 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

D 10A1

Send **HOW TO GET ALONG WITH GIRLS** in plain wrapper.

☐ I enclose 98c.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman 98c plus postage charges.

Post Office does not deliver C.O.D. to Overseas A.P.O. or F.P.O.
Send 98c. Same refund applies.

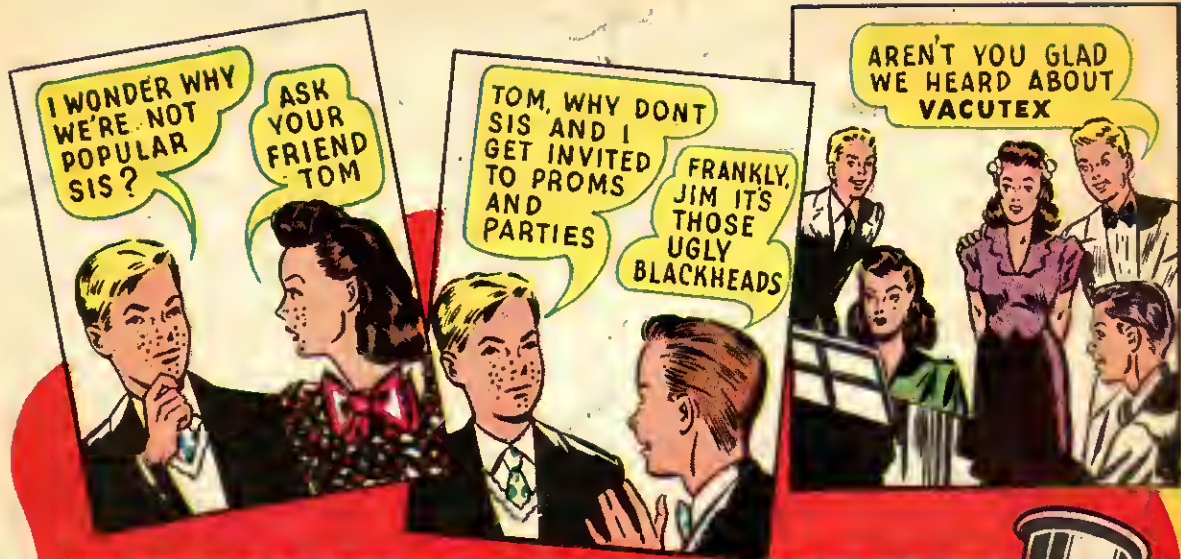
If not delighted I may return it in 5 days and get my money back.

Name

Address

City State

Canada and Foreign, \$1.25 with order.



UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT IN SECONDS

AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Invention. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your \$1.00 will be immediately refunded.



Only
3
EASY
STEPS

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. S602
19 West 44th Street, New York 18, N. Y.

- ☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage. My \$1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.
- ☐ I prefer to enclose \$1.00 now and save postage. (Same guarantee as above.) **SORRY NO C.O.D.'s**

OUTSIDE U. S. A.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY & ZONE

STATE

RUSH COUPON

10 DAY TRIAL

BALLCO PROD. CO.
19 W. 44th St., N. Y. C. 18